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OLDEST

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864. | VOL. XII.—No. 33. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Adah Isaacs Menken.

RACHEL ADAH ISAACS, the eccentric scholar and poet-actress, was born in the city of New Orleans, La., in the year 1839, of French and American parents, and as her name indicates, is of the Jewish religion, which she has always loved, and been a warm defender of. Of her own father, but little can be ascertained beyond that he was a merchant in good position, and died in 1842, leaving a widow, who was a woman of the loveliest character, and highly accomplished. She was married to Dr. Josiah Campbell, a graduate of the famed Edinburgh University in Scotland, a surgeon in the U. S. Army, and stationed many years at the regular barracks at Baton Rouge, La. He was a gentleman of high attainments, and skilled as a surgeon and physician. He was the first to perceive that Adah was gifted with what the world calls genius, and undertook her education himself with a love and patience which continued until his death in 1855. In these years of study Adah mastered the French, Latin, and Hebrew languages, besides becoming thoroughly versed in the classics and mathematics. When twelve years of age, she translated from the original tongue Homer's Iliad.

She was called eccentric from her earliest childhood, because she was never a child, always studious, and evinced a judgment and understanding far beyond her years—wrote verses and essays in her leisure hours, instead of dressing dolls like the generality of children.

After her step-father's death the family became reduced to straightened circumstances. Her mother being of a poetical and gentle nature, could but poorly battle with the world alone. Adah knew that she must do something, and being a child, she could think of nothing but the stage. By energy and perseverance she soon became a fine *danseuse*, having had the best masters of the French and Spanish schools. Her first appearance before the public was made at the French Opera House in New Orleans, at the age of fourteen years. She was *premier danseuse* there for one whole season, was petted and admired by the whole French population, and upon the occasion of her farewell benefit, presents of diamonds and gold were bestowed upon her beyond the value of $2000—one bracelet alone cost $700. She then joined the Monplaiser Troupe, and went to Cuba; appeared at the Tacon Theatre, and attracted much attention by her grace and beauty. She was afterwards adopted by one of the wealthiest Spanish families on the island. Her family removed to Cuba. Adah had horses, carriages, diamonds, and money at her command; all was bestowed with lavish hand upon those around her. She was called in Havana the "Queen of the Plaza." Some member of the family in which Adah lived, died, and the estates were drawn into immediate law suits. She became discontented, and gathered up horses, dogs, &c., and went to Texas, and from thence to Mexico, where she obtained an engagement as *premier danseuse* in the city of Mexico, at one of the most magnificent theatres in the world. After this season of triumph, Adah went to Port Lavaca, Texas. Out hunting one day with her grooms and dogs, a party of Indians took the whole party captive. Adah was held by them for more than three weeks, when a party of Texan Rangers came upon the Indians, and after killing two of them, rescued our heroine and took her to Austin, where the army was then stationed, headed by General Harney. Adah was presented to the general and his family as a trophy of victory. She remained in the barracks for three months, had her own apartments, breakfasted with the family, then assisted the general in translating Spanish documents into French or English, rode out on horseback with the general to review the troops, after giving orders and commanding the regiment with the dignity and precision of an old soldier. Finally returned to her home in Cuba, and from thence went to New Orleans.

She now resolved to give up the stage and turn her energies to literature. Commenced by studying German and reading classic authors with the best of masters. Music and painting were also among her studies. During this time she published a volume of poems called "Memories," under the signature of "Indigina," which gave promise of even greatness to their young author. She also was a regular contributor to the *New Orleans Delta* and *Sunday Crescent*. She again visited Texas to look after a large tract of land that belonged to her. She established a newspaper of her own in Liberty, Texas, and became teacher of Latin and French in the young ladies' academy there. She tired of life in Texas, and resolved to return to her native city. In Galveston she was married, after a short acquaintance, to Mr. Menken, a merchant of Cincinnati. In consequence of some domestic misunderstanding, the marriage was an unhappy one. Adah resolved to become an actress. Untutored and alone, she made her first study of classic and legitimate tragedy. She made her first appearance on any stage as an actress in the character of Bianca, in the tragedy of "Fazio," at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, in the spring of 1858. The success which she achieved is shown in the following criticism from the pen of John W. Overall, one of the severest and most discriminating critics in America, who was editor of the *New Orleans Delta*:—

"During one week of her engagement she created a *furore*. A complimentary benefit was tendered her, signed by the mayor of the city, governor of the state, Judah P. Benjamin, and other distinguished men. On this night she was crowned with flowers by the first ladies of the city, and presented with a set of diamonds by the stockholders of the theatre, and a golden goblet by other admirers."

She afterwards appeared at Wood's Theatre, in Cincinnati, and in Louisville, with Edwin Booth. Soon after this she became leading lady with W. H. Crisp's company, for Memphis and Nashville, during which engagement she supported Mr. Murdoch, Edwin Booth, Mr. Neafie, Hackett, and other stars, with the highest honor to herself and praise from all. After, or during this season, she procured a divorce from Mr. Menken.

She soon after undertook a starring tour, but not succeeding as well as she deserved, she was advised to play comedy, as the stage was over-run with tragedy, and its day was waning. She studied and played comedies, protean farces, dancing, etc., and won universal admiration. Becoming disgusted with the idea of Female Highwaymen and Jack Sheppards, she left the stage and studied sculpture. Worked in the studio of T. D. Jones, at Columbus. Wrote for various journals at the same time. She now went to Cincinnati, and became the principal contributor to the *Israelite*, the leading Jewish paper in America. Her reply to *The Churchman*, in defence of Baron Rothschild's Admission to Parliament, was copied widely in England, translated for French and German journals, and for which she received an autograph letter of praise and thanks from Baron Rothschild, calling her the inspired Deborah of his race.

The circumstances of her family compelled her to return to the stage. She played several engagements West, and while at Dayton, Ohio, she was elected, by complimentary vote, Captain of the Dayton Light Guard, and presented with a handsome sword and epaulettes by the company. A full length portrait of her, dressed in the uniform of the Guard, now adorns their armory in Dayton.

She was afterwards induced to enter into an engagement with Purdy, at the "National," New York. After her appearance there, she discovered the character of the theatre, and left suddenly, playing but three nights.

Met John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and by force of circumstances and a strange infatuation, was announced as having been married to him privately at his house on the Bloomingdale road, New York, by the Rev. J. S. Baldwin, on the 3d of April, 1859. Made a tour South and West with success. Appeared at the Old Bowery Theatre, New York, to the largest houses ever assembled within its walls. Played in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and then retired from the stage. A child was born to her. Her mother, whom she idolized, died. Some misunderstanding occurred between her and J. C. Heenan, which caused their final separation. Destitution, unhappiness, and sickness followed these trials, and she was left with but two or three friends in the world. By force of an almost masculine will, she rallied and summoned courage to fight again the battle of life. Few women could have resolved to live, even, after so many serious reverses. Her poems have attracted much attention in New York from their marked originality of thought and expression.

In Milwaukee and Detroit her entertainments were attended by large audiences, and the local critics pronounced her the most extraordinary and original artiste of the age. Her acting is free from platitudes; she never plays the same piece twice alike; acting from nature and impulse alone. Plays tragedy and comedy, sings well, and is a first class danseuse. In person she is rather tall, graceful, and remarkably well formed. She is a brunette, with dreamy, poetic eyes, black curling hair, and a pale, classic face. In manners she is as simple and unaffected as a child, generous and kind to every one, from the "supers" and property boys to those higher in position. Although somewhat eccentric, she is always womanly and reserved. Independent of her natural dramatic abilities, Adah bears a strong personal resemblance to Julia Dean in the palmiest days of her beauty; and youth and beauty are always a decided card upon the boards.

The New Orleans *Sunday Delta* thus speaks as to the merits of our heroine;—

"Miss Menken's representation of the widow Cheerly, in the Soldier's Daughter, was surpassingly fine. Considering the disadvantages under which she necessarily labored from a lack, in part, of efficient support, we do not remember to have seen a more admirable personation of the character of the young, busy-ant and madcap widow drawn by the dramatic pencil of Cherry. She played with great vivacity, elegance and correctness.

"Perhaps the most striking thing observable in her personations of character, is the intellectuality displayed in each conspicuous scene. The shrewd and appreciative auditor at once sees that she understands the meaning of the author, and adapts herself to the part quickly and naturally. There is no mouthing of the words, no effort to produce effect, no exhibition of stage affectations. *Beyond all question she is more graceful and elegant than Mrs. Hayne, and more vivacious than Agnes Robertson. In Bianca she possesses more energy than the former, and as Widow Cheerly, more ease and spirit than the latter.* The admirers of these established favorites may demur to this statement, but it is indisputably true. In expressing this opinion we do not 'paint the lily,' but record a simple fact. Those who saw her in 'Fazio,' and 'The Soldier's Daughter,' and who have a critical eye that detects almost at a glance the true merits of an actress, will not only accord to her, great versatility, but predict for the lady a brilliant and successful future.

"Our patience has often been sorely tried during our theatrical seasons by the gross humbugs inflicted upon the public under the guise of genuine dramatic stars. Men and women come hither during the long drawn out twenty weeks, with a reputation manufactured to order at the North for the Southern market, who are scarcely fit to take the position of leading actors or actresses in any first-class theatre. They are 'stars,' (heaven save the mark) but stars without the effulgence that belongs to dramatic planets. These rush-lights are 'patronized and applauded to the echo.'"

Sailed for California Monday, July 13, 1863, to commence a sixty nights' engagement with Manager Maguire. A few days before sailing she caused to be made one of the costliest and most magnificent stage dresses ever seen, and valued at $500. She made her debut in San Francisco August 24th, at Maguire's Opera House, and the receipts amounted to $1640, and hundreds were turned away, unable to obtain even standing room. The prices of admission were raised to one dollar and a half to dress circle and parquet. "Mazeppa" was the opening piece, and it created the greatest excitement. The Menken used one of Sig. Sebastian's trained horses, and Sebastian conducted the equestrian department of "Mazeppa." On the third night, the audience was distinguished by the presence of an unusual number of social, literary and political celebrities, whilst the courtly dress circle was made picturesque and vivacious by a liberal array of San Francisco's most fashionable dames and belles, in most elegant toilets.

The Menken was a good angel to the fortunes of Maguire's Opera House. Never, it is said, since its doors were opened, had such continued success attended any engagement as that of this dashing woman. Night after night, with unwearying constancy, did the public fill the seats, and this, too, at the advanced rates fixed by the management. "Mazeppa" and the "French Spy" were withdrawn in the height of their popularity. The first was withdrawn when the houses were crowded; and in the face of one of the largest horses ever assembled within those walls, the "French Spy" was withdrawn, and "Black Eyed Susan" and the petite comedy of "Lola Montez" produced. Her William was highly spoken of by the press of that city. The *Morning Call* says: "Her William is one of the most earnest, natural and sympathetic examples of acting ever witnessed by a San Francisco audience, and stirs the strongest emotions with a power not to be resisted even by masculine nerves. The fact that the character is that of a man, does not at all detract from the consistent effect of Menken's interpretation of it; for she acts it with a man's spirit, in her perfect adaptation to, and assumed identity with its intellectual composition, making it that of an open-hearted, chivalrous British sailor of the manliest type."

After having performed "Mazeppa" twenty-one nights, "The French Spy" nine, and William, in "Black Eyed Susan" five nights, realising $10,000 as her half of the proceeds, she was obliged to lay off for a while at Warm Springs, Alameda Co., Cal., on account of neuralgia in "those eyes." She resumed her duties, playing sixteen nights in Sacramento, during which time nine thousand dollars were taken, the lady's share being three thousand dollars (gold). She commenced a second engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on Christmas eve, the opening night realizing within a fraction of one thousand dollars, the piece performed being the "French Spy." "Mazeppa" was too strong a card for an opening night, so it was held in reserve. On Christmas night there was thirteen hundred dollars in the house. Her success on those two opening nights was greater than during her previous engagement. She was called out at the end of each act.

Her second San Francisco engagement closed January 24th, 1864, and was fully equal in dollars and enthusiasm to the first.

During her second engagement at Maguire's Opera House, she appeared as "the bold Dick Turpin." In the early part of the night, and while descending the extemporized "run" in the rear entrance of the theatre, Miss Menken's beautiful horse, "Sweepstake," ran a large nail into one of his hind hoofs to the depth of nearly three inches. Rather than disappoint the audience, however, it was determined that the piece should go on, such veterinary attentions being paid to the horse as could be devised in the limited time. Though the noble animal must have been suffering intolerably, he bore his daring mistress nobly until the pith of the second act had been reached, when he suddenly swerved in the ascent of the second run, and "Dick Turpin" was thrown. The incident sent a thrill through the whole audience which might have reached a panic but for the admirable presence of mind with which Miss Menken undauntedly mounted again and brilliantly finished the scene. When it came to leaping the toll gate, in the third act, another and more violent flinch of the suffering horse, as his wounded foot touched the stage, again unseated Miss Menken, and brought the whole terrified audience to their feet. Still the play went on like clock-work, the energetic poet-actress reappearing upon her gallant steed in the regular succeeding scenes, and the performance terminated successfully amid a tempestuous ovation of applause.

Adah Isaacs Menken is a name that must henceforth lead the galaxy of those bright particular stars whose rare merit and famous fortune it has been to reap laurels from a generous soil of gold in California. Not only did her dramatic triumphs there far exceed every precedent in the entire theatrical annals of that State, but her hold upon popular favor seemed to strengthen in its intensity as her stay prolonged, until the enthusiasm of the public over her peculiar genius and versatility amounted to something far more notable than any common dramatic "sensation." Menken *ad nullus* appeared to be the diets of the whole community as far as theatricals are concerned. She almost revolutionized the people there; the male portion of the community could not see enough of Adah, while the ladies imitated her style of dress, which was of the richest description. She appeared on the *Rue de* Montgomery, attired in her thousand dollar furs, or her eight hundred dollar shawl; and when out for an airing in her beautiful buggy drawn by a splendid horse, she was the observed of all who looked at her. Verily "the Menkin" did outing it fat, and we rejoice at her success, for she has attained her present position by perseverence and energy, in the face of the most adverse circumstances.

A silver brick was presented to her, just previous to her departure from Virginia City, by a number of the lady's admirers. A complimentary benefit was tendered her, but she declined the honor on account of business engagements elsewhere. This specimen brick weighed nearly two hundred ounces, and bore a market value of $403 31, at any mint on the continent. Following the usual figures expressing the number, weight, fineness and value of the bar in silver and gold, the brick has this inscription stamped upon its surface: "Miss Adah Isaacs Menken—from friends at Virginia, Nevada Territory, March 30, 1864." It was received at Col. Ross', hot from the assay office, and presented to Miss Menken, in the presence of a number of her friends, by Col. Sawyer, in a few kind and well-chosen remarks, and she received it with the warmest expressions of her grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon her, and the generous impulse that had dictated it.

"The Menken" also received the compliment of a letter from a fire company in Virginia City, informing her that she had been elected a member. The following is a copy of the correspondence:—

HALL OF YOUNG AMERICA ENGINE COMPANY, No. 2, Virginia City, March 28th, 1864.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.—Madame: You having been duly elected an honorary member of our company, we trust you will accept the belt, which you have worn on several occasions, as a token of our respect for you, and our admiration of your prowess as an actress. We assure you we appreciate the great honor you have done our company in wearing our belt. JACOB YOUNG, Foreman.

Attest, THEODORE A. HALE, Secretary.

TO JACOB YOUNG, Foreman; THEODORE A. HALE, Secretary; and all the members of Young America No. 2:

GENTLEMEN.—Your note dated March 28th was received by me last evening. I can assure you that I never felt prouder or happier in my life. To be made a member of such an Engine Co. as No. 2, and to be liked and honored by her gallant, whole-souled "boys," is glory enough for any woman. You may depend that I will keep the "silver brick" as a happy testimonial from *my company*. And as for the pretty belt, I shall wear that wherever I go.

Believe me, dear 2, your grateful fireman,
A. I. MENKEN.

Tempting offers having been made her by managers in London, Australia, etc., she accepted one of the former, and sailed from San Francisco for England on the 23d of April, 1864, where she arrived in due season.

Shortly after her arrival in London, the editor of the *Orchestra* (a paper of that city), wrote an article with a moral pen, and slung some of his ink on "The Menken," whereupon she meets the *Orchestra* man with his own weapon. Here is the lady's card, and the editor's surrender:—

"THE NEW EQUESTRIENNE—TO THE EDITOR OF THE ORCHESTRA.—*Sir*—In your leader last week on the 'Morals of American Art' you associate my name with what an American journal terms 'the naked drama,' and express the hope that Mr. E. T. Smith will not degrade 'Astley's' by an exhibition of indecency. As I am about to appear at that establishment, such an observation is calculated to do me a serious injury, and I am sure you will allow me a few words of explanation, as you confess you know nothing of the 'merits of the actress or her piece.' To begin with, the play is Lord Byron's 'Mazeppa,' and I impersonate the hero; but my costume, or rather want of costume, as might be inferred, is not in the least indelicate, and in no way more open to invidous comment than the dress worn by Cerito, Rosati, or even the grotesque garbs employed by ladies in burlesque on the London stage. I have long been a student of sculpture—and my attitudes, selected from the works of Canova, present a classicality which has been invariably recognized by the foremost of American critics. I may add my performance of 'Mazeppa' had a most prosperous career in America, and, as is usual in such cases, my success created a host of imitators, and some of these ladies, I hear, have adopted a style of drapery inconsistent with delicacy or good taste. 'Mazeppa,' like any other speciality, is easily vulgarised. Let 'La Sylphide' be scantily dressed and ungracefully acted by indifferent artists, and what will be more offensive? The critics found no fault with Mrs. Charles Kean's embodiment of 'Ion,' and the young ladies who exhibit their well-formed limbs in the Haymarket and Strand burlesques (notably in such parts as Cupid or Ixion) are not accused of indelicacy. At any rate do me the favor, as a stranger, to suspend your opinion of my representation, and after you witness it, I am quite willing to abide by your criticisms. I am, sir, yours very truly, ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, Westminster Place Hotel, August 24th."

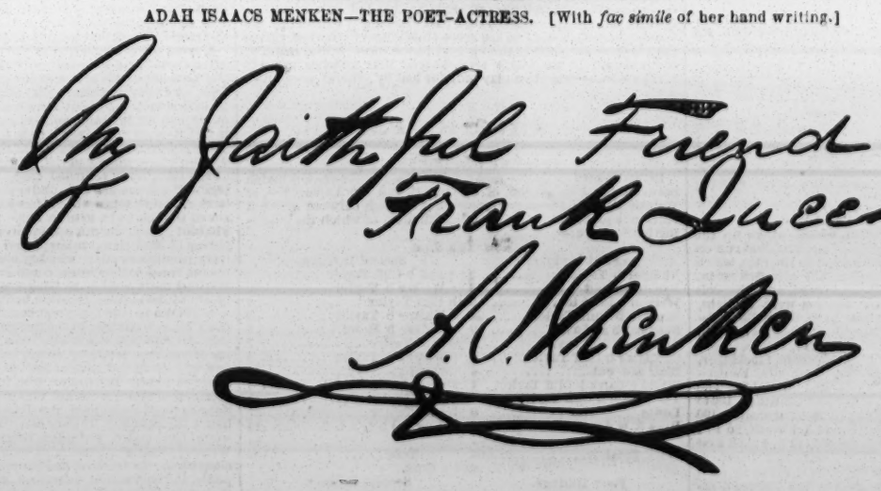
Miss Menken was immediately secured by Mr. E. T. Smith, manager of Astley's Theatre, and the most extensive preparations were made for her *debut*. After many weeks of careful preparation she made her bow to the British public Oct. 3d, at Astley's, in her great speciality of "Mazeppa," and it was one of the greatest successes ever known to the British stage. Speaking of her first appearance, the London *Advertiser* said:—

"The season at Astley's Theatre commenced last night, and the appearance of the spacious and elegant house soon after the doors were thrown open—*crowded as it was, from floor to ceiling—was something unprecedented at this time of the year.* Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee, ventured upon a bold but hazardous experiment, in announcing the reproduction of 'Mazeppa,' with the principal character performed by a lady. Curiosity was excited to an extraordinary degree, as to the effect of this experiment upon public taste, and, though it was stated that Miss Adah Isaacs Menken had won well-deserved laurels in California, the colonies, and the United States, there were many who doubted its success in this country. *If the verdict of last night may be accepted as conclusive, no greater theatrical triumph has ever been achieved.* Miss Menken was received with hearty plaudits on her appearance as Cassimer, in the first act, and, as it progressed, *showed dramatic powers of a very high order*, and was enthusiastically recalled at the fall of the curtain. The terrific ride up steep and wild mountain-paths, the fording of rivers, the leaps down precipices, and the other exciting accessories, were given with an energy and truthfulness which drew forth frequent and warm applause, and *Mr. Smith had again twice to lead Miss Menken across the stage amidst a shower of bouquets and almost rapturous acclamations.* Both in the first and second acts, Mazeppa has to take part in frequent combats, and, whether on foot, or mounted as in the tournament, the lady *proved herself no less accomplished in the use of her weapons than as a horsewoman.* In the tent-scene of the second act Miss Menken's gradual awakening from the recollections of her fearful ride to the comprehension of her rescue and safety, was very vividly and gracefully portrayed, and the series of poses taken from the most celebrated sculptors of antiquity, in which, armed with sword and shield, she was supposed to give vent to her rejoicings at recovered liberty and aspirations after fame, were highly artistic and effective. Slim in figure, of middle stature, and sinewy, *though beautifully formed in limb*, the scanty drapery in which she carries on the main action of the drama is admirably calculated to exhibit these physical capabilities for the part, while, at the same time, *avoiding any offensive display*, and the *female portion of the audience were as enthusiastic in their applause as the masculine.* At the close, Miss Menken was twice recalled, and, on the second occasion, expressed, in brief but appropriate terms, her heartfelt thanks for the kindness, the warmth, with which she had been received, both of which she hoped to deserve."

Having given all the interesting facts connected with the life of this indomitable and persevering heroine up to her *debut* in London, with the various opinions of the press of that city, we now come to that portion of our sketch which enables us to state that "the Menken" is now a fixed institution in the gay metropolis, and one of the greatest sensations of modern times. Our special correspondence testifies to the fact of Miss Menken's brilliant success from parties now in our employ who have witnessed the lady's performances time and time again, before the fullest and most fashionable houses ever assembled under the dome of Astley's Theatre. Night after night do the titled aristocracy of England, both ladies and gentry, assemble to testify their admiration of this gifted lady's perseverance and courage, and nearly all the private boxes have been engaged for the entire season by lords or dukes for themselves and families. At the time of the opening, the "season" had not commenced, but even then the attendance was so great that almost as many were turned away as gained admission, and now that the heather is deserted, and the aristocracy have returned from their hunting excursions, it has been found necessary to give both morning and evening performances to enable all who desire it, to see and admire the classic statuesque poses and beautiful face, form and figure of "La Belle Menken." The lady's eighteen months absence from the New York boards has developed her physical powers to such a pitch that in the hand-to-hand combats she carries all before her like a whirlwind. Her attitudinising is peculiarly attractive, and at every different pose, the shouts of the spectators evince their appreciation of the careful attention paid to the representation of the statuary of the old gladiators. While fully equal to all the masculine features of "Mazeppa," in the love scenes between Cassimer and Olinska, there is a gentleness of manner, sweetness of voice, and gracefulness of action, that is truly fascinating. From present indications, "Mazeppa" bids fair to have an uninterrupted run till Christmas, and although the handsomest offers have been made from all parts of Great Britain, it is not probable that Miss Menken will accept of any until she has fulfilled her Parisian engagement.

As an evidence of the esteem in which the lady is held by the musical profession, J. W. Trayhearne, a celebrated composer, has had published a beautiful piece of music called "The Mazeppa Galop," and dedicated the same to Miss Menken. It has had an immense sale in London and throughout the provinces.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN—THE POET-ACTRESS. [With *fac simile* of her hand writing.]



NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence. FRANK QUEEN,

Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

GAY AND FESTIVE, Baltimore.—"1. In the game of euchre, has the partner of his who assists, orders up, takes up, or makes a trump, the privilege of playing alone? The following is a case in which this question arose:—A deals—B, C and D pass, and A turns down the trump. B makes a new one, when his partner, D, proposes to play alone. To this the opposite party object, arguing that D had an unfair advantage in the strong presumption that his partner has a good hand and his opponents correspondingly weak ones; without which probability he might not be inclined to take the risks. The others reply that similar cases are likely to occur in subsequent games, and if both parties are allowed the same privilege, neither ought to complain; it is as fair for one as for the other. It was agreed to leave the question to your decision. 2. In the game of All Fours, has a player holding neither ace, face, nor trump, a right to throw up his hand and receive a new one; and, if so, is this allowable after begging? And in case a new hand is given, is the original trump retained or a new one turned, or are all the cards returned to the pack and new hands dealt to all the players?".....1. The partner cannot go alone, under such circumstances; the player who makes the trump, takes it up, or orders it up, has that privilege alone. 2. He cannot throw up his hand; that notion has been long since exploded.

SUBSCRIBER, Pekin, Ill.—"A deals the cards at seven up; B begs; A runs the cards and turns up a Jack of the same suit, and runs the cards to another suit. B then discovers that he has too many cards. Does A lose the Jack he turned? Or if the Jack be turned on the first run of six, does it alter the case?".....If the Jack was turned on the first run of six cards, it counts, but not otherwise.

J. H. B.—"Two men are rowing a race. A bets B that his man wins, it being also particularly specified that the bets go with *the main stakes*—an outside party interferes and stops A's man—B's man comes in ahead—A's man rows the race and claims the stakes, which are given up to him. Who wins, A or B?".....A wins the stakes, and all bets go accordingly.

BLUFF, N. Y.—"A and B are playing bluff; A dealt, B chipped $5, A saw it and went $5 better, B saw A's $5 and went $10 better, A saw the $10 and went $50 better, B saw the $50 and called A's hand, and A refused to show his hand. Was A correct in his refusal?".....A was wrong in his refusal.

W. G. P., South Berwick, Me.—1. As to who is the best comedian is a matter of opinion. Some prefer one to the other. 2. Frank is the oldest. 3. Frank is at present laying off in Philadelphia, not performing. 4. He has not appeared at any establishment since leaving this city.

C. S. C., City Point, Va.—With some players, if a partner assists, the dealer can go alone; with others he has not that privilege; the point should be settled before commencing the game. Our own opinion is, that the dealer should not have the privilege.

LAWRENCE, Buffalo.—1. Bury, formerly a cricketer of Cleveland, O., is now a resident of Detroit. 2. The Rev. T. W. Higginson has been and is now a Colonel in the army. He is laid up at Newport, R. I., from the effects of a severe wound. As you remark, he is an advocate of physical sports.

PRINCE STREET MILITARY PRISON, Alexandria, Va.—In playing seven up, if two parties are six each and the dealer turns up Jack, he takes the point immediately and wins the game, even though his opponent holds all the remaining points, viz., high, low, game.

CONSTANT READER.—The top card was evidently the one intended to be played, consequently he was entitled to four for his sequence of 6, 7, 8 and 9, the order in which they were played to the contrary notwithstanding.

ELIZABETH, N. J.—A lost the bet, for in voting for the McClellan electors B did vote for McClellan. The excuse made by A was a mere subterfuge.

CONSTANT READER, Forestville.—A, in betting that McClellan would carry six States, and that he would or could name the seventh, lost both bets.

QUARTER DECK, Brooklyn.—D had no right to go alone, the party making or taking up the trump being entitled to that privilege. As A secured four tricks, he scores one point; D gets nothing.

H. W. W., Fort Indianapolis.—1. Ryall never fought Mace. 2. Get Owen Swift on Boxing or the Art of Self-Defence by Mendoza as advertised elsewhere. 3. John Grindell is said to have run nine miles in 46m. against Dalton at Binghampton, July 1, 1858.

FRANK SEYMOUR, City Point, Va., or CHARLES CROFUT, Danbury, Conn.—The party who left the money for you for subscription to the CLIPPER calls for it himself every week. Hereafter we will send it to Danbury.

BILLIARDS, Springfield.—Send to Messrs. Phelan & Collender for a bottle of their liquid glue and one of their cue clamps. Their address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

A. G. C., Memphis.—In such a case the party holding too many cards must lay down his hand, and if more than two are playing the others should play the hand out; if there are only two, his opponent should take all the points he can make by his hand.

S. W., Frankfort.—You don't for a moment suppose that the CLIPPER can endorse the character for honesty of all its advertisers, do you? If you do, you expect of it what neither it or any other paper can guarantee.

SOPHIE KATE, Phillipsburg.—We have received quite a number of letters lately for Henry Brown and have advertised them every week. Mr. Brown has never written for us to forward them, and we don't know either the man or his address.

A FRIEND, Philadelphia.—We could not do such a thing even for a friend, when said friend don't give us his real name that we may know who he is. Advance friend and give the countersign, and then we may possibly acquiesce.

A QUEBEC CITIZEN.—It is rather too late to refer to the matter now; had your note reached us soon after the article appeared, you should have had a hearing.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—"A and B are playing a game of dominoes, 100 points; B blocks the game and they both count alike. Who has the advantage?".....It is a draw.

ENQUIRER.—1. The New Bowery Theatre holds more people than any place of amusement in this country. 2. The Academy, Philadelphia, will *seat* the most people.

STEAMBOAT.—"A bets B that the Republican majority in Pennsylvania, including the soldiers' vote at the State (Oct.) election was not to exceed 8,000. Which wins?".....The official returns have not yet been published.

NAVY YARD.—1. The "big ship Pennsylvania" was built at the Philadelphia navy yard. 2. Morrissey got the stakes in his match with Yankee Sullivan.

J. E. C., Washington.—The lady was born in this city and is past 30. Edwin Forest was born March 9, 1806. Edwin Booth, Nov., 1833.

WAKEFIELD, Philadelphia.—One mile in four minutes, twenty and a half seconds, on a level course, by Mills in England, April 23, 1864.

CATSKILL, N. Y.—1. Nunan defeated Dorsey on the 6th of Oct., in 67r., 2h. 27m. 2. Joe Coburn returned from Ireland in the steamship City of Manchester, on the 2d of Oct.

R. S.—Hyer and Morrissey never fought a prize fight as antagonists; a match was at one time proposed, but the affair ended in words.

MAX, Brooklyn.—It is impossible to hold a hand in cribbage counting just nineteen, no more nor less. Exercise your own arithmetical bump a little, and you will find that we are correct.

P. C. D.—We have no recollection of Gooderson challenging Daley or *vice versa*—a match was talked of between Morrissey and Daley but it fell through.

ASTORIA.—1. For answer to first question see answer to W. H. R. 2. Nat Langham was the only man who ever defeated Tom Sayers.

J. M., Buffalo Theatre.—The Metropolitan Theatre, New York, was opened Sept. 18, 1854, by Mr. Willard, of Boston.

J. D. S., Philadelphia.—Betting on a certainty does not affect a bet, and he who bets thereon does not necessarily lose.

TYRO, Philadelphia.—The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic sailed from Savannah, Georgia, in the year 1819.

MERCANTILE, New Orleans.—A letter addressed care of Lyceum Theatre, London, will reach John Brougham.

YOUNG SALT, Philadelphia.—We cannot vouch for all our advertisers, but the receipt is worth a trial.

J. T. B., Ontonagon, Lake Superior, Mich.—A 17 foot working boat will cost fully $100, not counting transportation.

FRED. W., Brooklyn.—Send the letter to this office and we will advertise it for him.

JOHN CARR, Camptown, Pa.—Your one dollar gives you ten copies of the CLIPPER.

AJAX.—He is not employed by us; occasionally he sends items, which, if of interest, we use.

P. JONES, Louisville.—Four aces will rake down the persimmons beyond all dispute.

T. B., Cobbleskill.—C invests $75 against $50, which, as you may easily perceive, is not three to one.

W. H. R., East Saginaw, Mich.—Tom Sayers and Jem Mace never fought as antagonists in the prize ring.

AN OLD SUB.—Jemmy Massey fought nineteen battles in the prize ring.

CHEROKEE, N. Y.—We refer you to any modern history of the United States.

COPPERHEAD, Providence, R. I.—The highest quotation for gold since the breaking out of the present Southern rebellion is 289½.

WOODROW, Ottawa.—J. G. won the 1st prize and P. E. the 2d prize.

CHAS J., Portland.—1. Midship. 2. No. 3. Light skates with narrow irons.

EUGENIE, Bermuda Hundred.—Both the ladies are married.

GUY, in Camp.—See answer to "C. S. C."

H., Johnson's Island.—It is a local tax.

THE POET-ACTRESS.—On the first page of this issue of the CLIPPER we give a very fine and artistic engraving of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, the poet-actress, who is now the great theatrical sensation in London, having achieved one of the most marked successes known in the dramatic history of that country. It is a sincere pleasure to us to be enabled to record the success of this lady, because she has attained her present high position not through the aid of money, not through the influence of friends, but through her own indomitable will, hard work, and ambition to excel. She has been the child of misfortune during a portion of her eventful career, and at one time, while in this city, drank the cup of bitter misfortune almost to the dregs; but that hour of darkness preceded the dawning of brighter days. She had learned a most expensive lesson, and she determined to profit by it. From that time she became a new being, and commenced afresh, unaided, the battle of life. Each day has added to her success and popularity. In California she was received with every token of favor, and her engagements in that country netted her the snug sum of $20,000 in gold. She is now repeating that success in London, and will shortly astonish and fascinate the gay Parisians. We honor the woman because she has had the nerve to fight down poverty, oppression, and malice, and show the world what a woman of spirit can do. *Vive la Menken!*

ALL DONE.—The election passed off uncommonly quiet, there not being skirmishes enough to give the usual spice to our political movements, and the day was voted a bore. Perhaps it will not be news to all our readers if we casually remark that the gentleman designated as Old Abe was the more successful man of the two, and is President elect for the four ensuing years. We wish him joy of his bargain. He must have had a nice time of it during the years he has already held the office; what with traitors abroad and traitors at home; rebels in and out of office; army swindlers encompassing him on all sides; dissatisfaction here, grumbling there, and discontent everywhere, the honest old Abe couldn't have had very peaceful slumbers, nor a very hearty appetite for his liver and onions. Little Mac, who was handled by men who wished his downfall, seems to have lost the election, and we guess there are not a great many surprised at it. Some of his warmest friends went back on the ticket because of the company he was in. But there is no use of looking back now. It is our duty to give the government our warmest support, and to furnish the sinews by which the rebellion shall be brought to an end. The vote given Abraham shows the feeling of the people in this matter, and will go far toward convincing the South that the end approaches.

AMUSEMENTS.—Election over, people will now turn their attention to other amusements, and surely there never was a greater variety offered them than managers present for their patronage now. We have the Italian Opera, the Circus, Artemus Ward, the Menagerie, Museum, Heller's Temple of Music and Magic, three Minstrel bands, Music Halls, Broadway Theatre, Olympic, Niblo's Garden, Winter Garden, Old Bowery, Stadt Theatre, New Bowery, Wallack's, Woodroffe's Glass Blowers, and many other places, too numerous to remember. There's plenty of money afloat, and no people are more willing to take it and spend it than New Yorkers. Our places of amusement help to make New York the great city it is; they draw strangers here, and they keep them here, and they induce them to spend their money here, by which all classes profit. Support our places of amusement, therefore, and keep up the lively character of our city.

THE TURF.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.

SPIRITED CONTEST AMONG BROOKLYN ROAD HORSES.

Saturday, 5th inst., was quite a gala day among the Brooklyn owners of fast road horses, in consequence of Messrs. Shaw & White, the proprietors of the Union Course, L.I., having offered for competition a silver pitcher of the alleged value of $500, for road horses owned in the "City of Churches." There were six horses entered for the coveted prize, all owned by gentlemen of wealth and high social position, and every one of them capable of doing their mile under 2:40. The attendance was very large, and comprised gentlemen of the highest social position, the personal friends of the respective owners of the horses engaged in the race. The track was in good order, but the strong breeze that prevailed made the air bitterly keen, and on the back stretch, where its full force was experienced, materially affected the speed of the horses. The entries were as follows: Egbert Dennis' r g. Giraffe; D. Mace's s. g. Marmion, H. Woodruff's s. m. Lady Wallace; John Rogers' g. g. Plover; Dan Pfifer's g. m. Lady Warrenton and H. Jones' b. m. Maria. In the pool betting, the sales of which were conducted by the veteran Jake Sommerindyke, Lady Wallace had the call, bringing as much nearly as all the others combined; Giraffe stood next in public estimation, and just before the start was so freely backed, that he became almost as great a favorite as Hiram's mare.

The first heat was won cleverly by Giraffe by half a dozen lengths in 2:38¾; Marmion being second, the favorite third and Lady Warrenton last. In the second heat, Lady Warrenton came in first, Giraffe, who had been shut in a "pocket" for the first half mile by the other drivers, being second, Lady Wallace third and Plover last; time 2:38¼. The third and fourth heats were won by the roan horse Giraffe, Marmion being second in both heats; time 2:40; 2:40¼. We give the summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I., Saturday, Nov 5th.—A silver pitcher $500, mile heats, best 3 in 5

Egbert Dennis' r g Giraffe	1	2	1	1
D Mace's s g Marmion	2	3	2	2
H Woodruff's s m Lady Wallace	3	4	8	3
John Rogers g g Plover	4	5	4	4
D Pfifer's g m Lady Warrenton	5	1	dis	

Time—2:38¾; 2:38¼; 2:40; 2:40¼.

SAME DAY.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

D Pfifer's b g ——	1	1	1
H Woodruff's b m ——	2	2	2

Time 2:59¾; 2:57½; 2:57¾.

TROTTING AT BOSTON, MASS.—The following are the summaries of two trots that took place on the Riverside Park Course on the 11th inst.:—

Match—$500, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

J. B Martin ns. blk s Leviathan	1	1	1
E. Goodwin, ns. blk s Draco	2	2	dr

Time—2:44; 2:43

Purse, $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

E. B Draper ns. s g Sorrel Prince	2	1	1
Robert Henry ns. blk g Daniel Webster	1	2	2

Time—3:01; 2:53; 2:52; 2:52¼.

After the close of the races, the well known trotting horse Ingomar was sold at auction by Mr. Rowland, the purchaser being Mr. Holmes, and the price $430.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES RACE.

This great handicap race at Newmarket, which winds up the legitimate racing season at the metropolis of the turf, was run on Tuesday, Oct. 25th. Thirty-eight horses started in the race, which was won by the Marquis of Hastings' 3-year old colt, Ackworth, by Fazzoletto, beating Tomato (second) by a head, and the colt by Daniel O'Rourke, third. The other starters were Twilight, Vivid, Miner, Blue Mantle, Saccharometer, Tage, Gabrielle d'Estrees, Donnybrook, Deerfoot, Prince Plausible, Orange Girl, Brick, Birch-Broom, Battaglia, Alabama, Senora, Accident, Tattoo, Queen of Trumps, Rose, Skeffington, Golden Drop, Muezzin, Stockinger, Mail Train, Bayard, Planet, Valiant, Myrtle, Gratitude, Fanfreluche, Canzonette, Mrs. Somerville, Columbia, and Columbia. The betting was: 100 to 30 agst Stockinger, 11 to 2 agst Gratitude, 100 to 15 agst Brick, 10 to 1 each agst Columbia and Saccharometer, 100 to 7 agst the Highflyer's dam colt, 100 to 6 agst Ackworth, 20 to 1 agst Prince Plausible, 33 to 1 agst Birch Broom, 40 to 1 each agst Mail Train, Bayard and Donnybrook, 50 to 1 each agst Deerfoot, Queen of Trumps, Planet, Valiant and Columba, 1,000 to 15 each agst Canzonette, Muezzin, Skeffington, Tattoo, and Gabriel d'Estrees, 1,000 to 10 each agst Fanfreluche, Accident, Old Orange Girl, and Battaglia, 1,000 to 8 agst Myrtle, and 1,000 to 5 agst Tomato. The jockey of Ackworth, Cannon, was rewarded by Lord Hastings with a *douceur* of 500 sovereigns—that nobleman, who recently purchased Ackworth for 2,000 sovereigns, winning £20,000 on the race, exclusive of the stakes, which amounted to £2,405 more. Tomato, who was only beaten by a head, belongs to Baron Rothschild, and was only started for the "off chance" because her owner had a bet of £5,000 to £60 about her. Just before the race, so little was Tomato thought of, that 1,000 to 5 could have been obtained about her. Her owner, who was absent, was utterly astonished on learning by telegraph how nearly his mare had won the race.

MR. TEN BROECK'S MATCHES.—This American turfman won two matches, of 200 sovereigns each, at this meeting, winning with Pioneer and Contract, beating Finesse and Melbourne filly. He lost his match with Lord Glasgow for 500 sovereigns, General Peel carrying 126 lbs., beating Paris 119 lbs. easily.

MURDERS OF WELL-KNOWN TURFMEN IN KENTUCKY.

We regret to announce the murder, by guerillas, of two well-known and universally respected supporters of the turf in Kentucky—Mr. John Harper and Hon. Zeb. Ward. The former resided on a stock-breeding farm near Midway, and, a few weeks ago, was visited by a party of guerillas, who demanded his three famous race-horses—Rhinodyne, Loadstone and Sue Lewis. Mr. Harper declared that he would defend them with his life, and the raiders, overawed by his determined courage, retired. Recently they made a second visit to his farm, headed by the notorious, bloodthirsty fiendess, Sue Munday, and, in resisting the band, old Mr Harper was brutally murdered. Mr Zeb. Ward, one of the staunchest turfmen in the race-horse region of Kentucky, was last week killed on his own farm by a gang of thieving marauders.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN TURFMAN.

It is with deep regret we have to announce the sudden death by drowning of the well known horseman, Horace F. Jones, of this city. He had gone on his customary annual duck-shooting excursion to the Delaware Bay, in the schooner-yacht Lillie, and while on the Delaware River, on Sunday evening last, a sudden squall struck her, and she upset. Nine persons were lost, including Mr. Jones and his friend and companion, Lyman Stokes, also a New Yorker. Horace F. Jones has been long and favorably known on the trotting turf, both as an able trainer and skilful driver. As a double team driver, he was justly regarded as unequalled by any of his professional associates. He trained and drove the celebrated Hambletonian stallion, Robert Fillingham, when he first came out on the trotting turf. As a sound judge of horses he had not many equals. He owned a large livery stable in Mercer street in this city, and had, by his industry and intelligence, acquired considerable property.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

NEWARK VS. HUDSON COUNTY.—On Monday the 7th inst., a match at pigeons, between Newark and Hudson County, for $100—the former being represented by Messrs. Myers and Follager, and the latter by Messrs. Ludlow and Wheatley—came off at Union Hill, near Hoboken. The conditions of the match were, to shoot at 11 birds each, ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1⅛ oz. shot. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the rain falling heavily throughout the match, the partisans of the Newark shooters mustered in strong force, and odds were freely laid on their winning—$20 to $15 being the current price. There was a good deal of betting done on the respective scores of Wheatley and and Myers—the former having many backers, while the latter was supported with equal spirit by his friends. The Newarkers had a decided advantage in the birds, the whole of theirs being of the best blue rock kind, while their opponents' birds were young and poor. The match terminated in the victory of the Newark shooters, as the subjoined score will show:

NEWARK.

Myers—1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0—9 out of 11.
Follager—1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1—9 out of 11.

Total.....—18

HUDSON COUNTY.

Wheatley—1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—9 out of 11.
Ludlow—1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1—7 out of 11.

Total.....—16

NEWARK VS. HUDSON COUNTY—RETURN MATCH.

After the above match was terminated, the entire party adjourned to Ludlow's Hotel, adjoining the shooting ground, and during the evening a fresh match between the same parties was arranged. The terms were to shoot at eleven birds each, twenty yards rise and eighty yards boundary, 1⅛ ounce shot, for $100 a side; to come off, rain or shine, on Monday, the 21st inst., at the Hoboken Race Course, Secaucus; Myers and Follager to trap for themselves, and their opponents to select any man they like on the ground to trap for them. Twenty-five dollars a side was put up in the hands of Mr. William Taylor, who was mutually agreed upon as stakeholder.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT HACKENSACK.

A match at pigeons came off on Friday, the 1st inst., at the house of Mr. Dan. Kelly, Hackensack Road, between Messrs. Sheldon and Francis of Hoboken. These gentlemen had previously shot two matches, each winning one, and this was the deciding game of the rubber. The result was in favor of Mr. Sheldon, as the score will show:—

Mr. Sheldon.....0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—7 out of 9
Mr. Francis.....1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—6 out of 9

Another match at two birds each, forty yards rise, was subsequently shot between the same parties, and was won by Mr. Sheldon, who killed both birds, Mr. Francis failing to stop the flight of either of his. The party then adjourned to Dan. Kelly's hospitable hostelrie, and a pleasant time generally was enjoyed by all.

BALL PLAY.

THE NEXT CONVENTION.

THE FLY GAME VS. THE BOUND.

One of the most prominent questions that will come up for action before the next convention will be that of the adoption of the fly game, and until this rule has been tried for one season as the "regular game" it will continue to be the principal question the convention will have to discuss each year. The past year's experience has conclusively shown it to be the only rule of play worthy the attention of first class players, as none but such can play it properly. The bound rule, on the other hand, is unquestionably the one for amateurs, as it admits of easy catches. The majority of ball players take an erroneous view of the question of the fly vs. the bound game in two special points, the one being that of regarding the fly game as excluding all first class catches on the bound, and the other that it lengthens the game. Now, the fact is, that reliable statistics conclusively prove the very reverse to be the case in both instances. In the first place, we can conclusively prove that seven out of every ten bound catches made, which require any skill to take the ball, are made on foul balls or in the in-field, in the former instance being just as effectual in the fly game as in that of the bound, and in the latter case almost as much so, as such catches invariably lead to players being put out at first or second bases. In the second place, it can be also shown that the average time of all the fly games played this season is not less than the average time of all the games played on the bound, and that too during a season in which quicker bound games have been played than ever known before, but less than the average of a selection of the bound games in which the longest contests are excluded. The shortest bound game played—nine innings being finished—was one hour and thirty minutes; the shortest fly game played was fifty-eight minutes. It is granted that where the contestants in a match are not good players, the rule of the fly is very likely to lengthen the contest, but despite the fact that appearances favor the argument that the fly game is likely to be the longest game, statistics prove the reverse to be the case, and this season's experience goes to show that in first class matches with good fielders in the nines, the fly game can be played in nearly half an hour's less time than the bound game. We shall prepare a statistical record of the shortest games played, both on the fly and bound, in time for the convention, with a view of having the true state of the case understood by the delegates. The opposition against the fly game is the result mainly of prejudice, otherwise there would not be such strenuous exertions made to prevent its being tried as the "regular" game for one season. We assert it as an undeniable fact, that the majority of the advocates of the bound rule are mere amateur players, whose occupation would be gone if their favorite easy catch on the bound was done away with. That there are first class players who favor the bound rule we do not deny, but the majority do not. If any rule can be adopted excluding the easy bound catches at long field, why then there would be no need to change the rule, but it is to avoid these boy-like efforts in the way of catches that the fly rule is advocated. If the admirers of the bound rule were not so afraid of the advantages of the fly rule being manifested in a season's trial of it, they would not so stoutly resist its adoption, but they know that it only requires that the fly rule should be the regular game for one season to establish it as the permanent rule of the game, and hence their opposition to it. The argument that those clubs who like to play the game are permitted to play it by the present regulations, is not a fair one. The Atlantic Club—whose ability to play the fly game to perfection none doubt—openly refused to play it on one occasion, because it was not "the *regular* game." There is one thing certain, the fly game can never be adopted until the consent of a large number of players who are opposed to it is gained to its trial for one season, for the best players are always in a minority among the delegates to the convention, and in cases where they are not so, the majority of the club they represent instruct them to vote according to the sentiments of that majority, which is invariably in favor of the fly rule. It will, therefore, be requisite that the friends of the fly game, instead of depending upon their numerical strength in the next conventions for success, make some effort to compromise matters with their adversaries with a view solely of having the fly game tried for one season. During the past season, the Excelsior and Star clubs of Brooklyn played none but fly games, either in matches or on practice days, and this consistent course of action will be continued next season, whether the rule be changed or not; and we have no doubt that ultimately all first class clubs will adopt the same rule, except such as are more ambitious of winning games than they are of playing their games in the most skillful manner, for it should be distinctly remembered that matches are not always won by first class play only, or lost by general unskillfulness.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN CINCINNATI.

IN consequence of the unfavorable weather, the cricket match between the Union Club, of Cincinnati, and the Eagle Club, of Walnut Hills, has been postponed, but a match between selected sides was played in its stead on the 5th inst., of which the following is the score:—

KEMPER'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Kemper b Taylor	9	c and b Cliff Taylor	0
Byron run out	13	c Walker b Taylor	15
Warren b Fenwick	0	b Cliff Taylor	1
Bruton b Cliff Taylor	24	c Walker b Taylor	3
Banyard b Fenwick	3	c Walker b Howe	1
Bryson b Cliff Taylor	0	b Cliff Taylor	7
O. Taylor b Cliff Taylor	0	c Walker b Taylor	8
Blair not out	4	not out	14
White c Bates b Cliff Taylor	4	run out	2
Thompson b Cliff Taylor	0	b Cliff Taylor	2
Lewis	0	b Cliff Taylor	37
Byes 5, w des 4	9	B 5, w 3, l b 1, n b 3	12
Total	66	Total	100

W. TAYLOR'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Taylor b Brutton	6	c Banyard b Brutton	0
C Taylor b Banyard	12	b Brutton	2
Fenwick run out	7	not out	8
Fenton c Lewis b Brutton	0	c Kemper b Brutton	4
Clements b Brutton	8	run out	10
Williams c and b Banyard	0	b Brutton	0
Bates not out	1	b Brutton	0
Walker c Blair b Banyard	0	b Brutton	0
Reynolds b Banyard	0	run out	1
Marsh b Brutton	0	b Brutton	0
Howe absent	0	b Brutton	2
Bye	1	bye 1, wide 1	2
Total	35	Total	29

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

KEMPER'S SIDE.—First Innings—Brutton, 48 balls, 17 runs, 3 maidens, 4 wickets, 0 wides; Byron, 40 balls, 14 runs, 5 maidens, 0 wickets, 0 wides; Banyard, 12 balls, 3 runs, 1 maiden, 4 wickets, 0 wides. Second Innings—Brutton, 54 balls, 4 runs, 10 maidens, 8 wickets, 0 wides; Banyard, 12 balls, 10 runs, 0 maidens, 0 wickets, 0 wides; Kemper, 36 balls, 11 runs, 3 maidens, 0 wickets, 1 wide.

W. TAYLOR'S SIDE.—First Innings—Cliff Taylor, 64 balls, 22 runs, 5 maidens, 6 wickets, 2 wides; W. Fenwick, 60 balls, 34 runs, 3 maidens, 2 wickets, 0 wides; W. Taylor, 4 balls, 0 runs, 1 maiden, 0 wickets, 2 wides. Second Innings—C. Taylor, 100 balls, 41 runs, 5 maidens, 7 wickets, 0 wides, 0 balls; J. Clements, 44 balls, 11 runs, 5 maidens, 0 wickets, 3 wides, 3 balls; J. C. Howe, 65 balls, 31 runs, 2 maidens, 1 wicket, 0 wides, 0 balls; W. Taylor, 12 balls, 6 runs, 1 maiden, 0 wickets, 0 wides, 0 balls.

A SPORTSMAN'S GIFT.—A presentation of a boat, gun and fishing rod to a son of one of the old aristocratic families of Wales took place recently. The name of the recipient was Thomas Lloyd Arwy; the event was the celebration of his majority; and to show the feeling among the Welsh aristocracy regarding our country, the boat presented was called the Kearsarge.

"THE EXPERIENCES OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE," is one of the most recent of those popular publications issued by the firm of Dick & Fitzgerald of this city. Price 75 cts. in paper covers.

THE RING.

JOE COBURN CHALLENGES THE WORLD

FOR $20,000.

BILL DAVIS WITHDRAWS HIS CHALLENGE AND RECEIVES HIS MONEY BACK.

A NUT FOR JEM MACE TO CRACK.

As might naturally be anticipated, the bold cartel issued by Bill Davis to Joe Coburn caused a great kick up among the sports in this and adjacent cities, and various were the opinions expressed as to whether Joe would or would not accept of the same. The Davisites before his exhibition were "red hot" with glee that they had at last, as they thought, found a man willing to have a brush with he of the Roman nose, but the latter's friends were also very sweet on their man, and one in particular, a namesake of Ould Nat's, worked like a beaver to consummate a match between them, but Joe kept his own counsel and would authorize no man to do the match-making part unless they were willing to do the fighting part of it also, which for the time being, put a "cessation to hostilities" until the night of Davis' benefit, when talk was plenty, but money scarce. However, Zeke, of the Gaieties, went down for his money to back Coburn to the extent of a half "century," and a friend of Davis put up $32, which Zeke allowed to go up against his $50, and deposited the same in the hands of Honest Tom Walsh, with the understanding that the men should meet the next day at Rockey Moore's and put up the whole of the money. As we understand it, Coburn was there and his $2,500, but on obtaining an interview with Davis, the latter promised to withdraw his challenge, which he has since done, and had his $100 returned; Joe drew his money and allowed the other party to draw theirs. As far as Davis and Coburn are concerned, the match is therefore off. To vindicate himself, however, in the eyes of his friends, Coburn has left $100 in our hands to make a match with any body in the world for $10,000 a side, in the refusal of which he will retire from the ring, and leave others to contend for the Championic honors, unless, perchance, Jem Mace should see fit to cross the Atlantic and fight in Canada, when he can be on at any time according to the challenge as published by Coburn in the English and Irish journals.

JOE COBURN'S CARD.

WHITE HOUSE, 113 Grand street, }
New York, Nov. 14, 1864. }

FRANK QUEEN.—*Sir:* As Mr. Davis has drawn the money put down for a match between him and myself, although I had a standing challenge for two months before leaving for Ireland to fight Jem Mace, which nobody accepted, after which the sporting public are aware that I declared my intention of retiring from the ring, I will now give anybody who wants it one more chance, and if this meets with no response, it will be useless for anybody to aim their challenges at me, as I shall take no further notice of them. I am now ready to make a match with any man breathing for the sum of $10,000 a side at catch weight, the time and place to be named on the signing of articles. Either $1000, $2500, or $5000 to be put up at the first deposit, and anybody covering the $100 left in the hands of the editor of the CLIPPER and meeting me any time within the ensuing two weeks at the White House, No. 113 Grand street, New York, can be accommodated to their heart's content. There is no necessity of a lot of newspaper talk, but whoever wants to fight will comply with my terms, and the sooner the better it will please me, as I have other and better business to attend to.

For the especial accommodation of Jem Mace, I will fight him at any time in Canada for £2000 and give him £300 for expenses, and all he has to do is to send on a deposit to the Editor of the CLIPPER to insure a match. Until money is up, the amount to be not less than £50, I shall have no controversy with Mace. The insinuations as to my not going to Ireland to fight are too contemptible, as well as the source from which they emanate, to warrant notice at my hands, and I therefore treat them as they deserve, with silence. Respectfully, JOSEPH COBURN.

BILL DAVIS' DEBUT AT THE STUYVESANT.

GREAT RECEPTION, MUCH TALK, BIG CHALLENGE, DISAPPOINTMENT AT THE CALIFORNIAN'S PERFORMANCES.

The arrival of Wm. M. Davis from California was duly chronicled in our last, and, coming, as he did, with no unenviable reputation as the conqueror of Patsy Daley, the Westmeath hero, a man nearly six feet high and a good 180 lbs. in fighting fix, his presence in this city created quite a stir in sporting circles, the more particularly as he is believed to have been sent for by the opposite faction to take out Joe Coburn's pin-feathers, and great was the curiosity to get a glimpse of him. He had been in town ten days before he made his appearance at headquarters, having fallen in with and been frozen to by a man of many names, who seems to have steered him every way but the right way, and had it not been for his calling upon us just in time to have inserted a notice of his benefit, from the exertions (?) made in other quarters, it would have turned out anything but satisfactory. Had Davis consulted other parties on his arrival here, he would not only have made more friends, but the Stuyvesant wouldn't have held the people at a dollar a head. It was no wish of Davis to be billed as the "California Champion" on the strength of his eight-minute seven-round victory on the American Flat, June 14th of the current year, over Daley without scarcely a scratch, when one of the biggest California sports offered in an excited moment to bet that the stevedore, Patsy, would knock spots out of Sailor Bill in the incredibly short space of two minutes and a half by our self-winding chronometer—but he was willing to rely on his own merits and become a candidate for the championship without putting in a public appearance, which would have been all the better for him in the long run, and caused more money to be put at his back for a match with any man in the country, whereas, now that he has figured as a sparrer in public, we are inclined to think that $2500 is about as high as his friends care to go. We now come to the benefit itself, and how it came off.

The night (Friday, Nov. 11) was as fine as could be desired, just cool enough to make in-doors at a boxing show endurable, instead of having to submit to being half-broiled alive—as is the case in all the months without the letter "r," and—thanks be to Uncle Bill, who is gentle and is kind, but doesn't carry his narrative behind—as early as half-past eight, the ball was opened in regular order, and kept up steadily for two hours and a half, which was quite enough for the entrance-fee, and more than that at the dollar shows. Both outside and in, we met many of our old friends and acquaintances, the very first being John Lawrence—"Long John," the great pugilistic and aquatic trainer, one of Morrissey's right-bowers—who was perched on a three-legged stool taking in the stamps, and many were the conjectures as to the "power behind the throne" who risks his ducats on the adventurous man of Belfast and desires the downfall of the man of Armagh; whether that party be a Templemorean or not, neither you nor I, nor nobody knows, but it will all come out, like old wounds, some of these days, and then we shall see whether our prognostications turn out O. K. or otherwise. To enumerate all the "notorious characters" present, from Izzy Lazarus to Barry the Kid, would be sheer nonsense, for nearly everybody present was noted for something, from boxing to eating boxed sews; we therefore pass, and have only to deal out the trump cards, or those who volunteered for the stranger.

First off came Milage Cornell and Prof. Whitney—professor of the art to Abe Lincoln and cabinet, who keeps an academy on the Broadway over Blancan's fruit store, which (the "fruit store") bids fair soon to rival the noted house of Parmalee, where all the show folks and well-dressed sports go to get their nip—two old hands at the bellows, or rather the mittens, well versed in each other's tactics and strategic movements, who plastered each other with side licks and front facers, diversified by the "improved" one-legged-hop-up system, the professor flapping his arms like a Spanish he chicken, and the count bringing the spurs of his right tramper in close proximity to the back side of his Melton Mowbrays, as natural as a jumping jack or the anthropoglossi—as exhibited way down in Piccadilly. John and Milage, though, if they are stylish, do as much in the way of firing salutes and trying to muss one another's hair as men of less capital and narrower trousers, and, furthermore, always give satisfaction. Cornell does not resemble Mike Madden, as Billy Donohue, the drafted one, was trying to make Steve Gordon believe. We make this statement voluntarily, and not under threats of personal violence or board and lodging in the Fort de Lafayette.

During the intermission of "five minutes for refreshments," Mike Costello, of long-hair peculiarity, got up, and after shaking the wool out of his eyes and slinging his raven locks forninst his lugs, assuming the Henry Clay attitude, "spoke a piece," in which he said something about somebody having a man to box any other man for the same amount as Morrissey accommodated and licked Heenan for, but as he was neither distinctly understood or heard, scarcely anybody took any notice of it, nor probably wouldn't have done had not Captain Saunders, "Fighting Jim," of the 69th, lately returned from Ballingoola, gathered himself together and made a dive under the ropes, as spunky as a Scotch ter

between 8 and 10 P. M., being the night after Dwyer's benefit. Both young fellows are hard at work training.

KEHOGAN AND CRONIN.—James and Patrick, hailing respectively from New York and Massachusetts, have to see that $200 apiece is deposited in the hands of Jem Colbert, of the Gem, at Tim Donohue's, No. 294 Seventh avenue, on Monday evening, Nov. 21st. As it is seldom or ever that deposits are made on that side of the town, the ceremony ought to draw a big crowd at the O'Donohue's.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or lending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUNLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ..... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 23-tf

THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY **JENNINGS'**
PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 20-3m*

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
136 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
17-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS.....Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

White House, White House,
JOE COBURN & CAPT. SAUNDERS, PROPRIETORS.
No. 113 GRAND ST., near BROADWAY.
Everything of the best brand. Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, to suit the most fastidious. All the Great News of Coburn's match with Mace for the Championship of the World to be learned from Sir Joseph's Uncle, the valiant captain of the 69th Regiment Irish Volunteers. A splendid Oil Painting of the American Champion just added—also a Photograph of the Irish-American trio, taken in Bellingoola. The White House is the only house in the country where reliable "tips" on the forthcoming mill may be learned. 19-tf

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

"Sportsman's Hall,"
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that this famous hostelrie is now second to none in the country for its SUPERIOR VIANDS, and CIGARS, GIGANTIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, and general Fixtures.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday evening.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the Art of BOXING by
21-3m* JOHNNY LOUDON.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

John C. Orem's Champion Saloon,
VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY.
THE BEST OF ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS
kept constantly on hand. I have also
THE FINEST PICTURE GALLERY WEST OF NEW YORK CITY.
SPARRING,
CONCERT AND FREE AND EASY EVERY WEEK.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 28-6t*

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

Rooky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

Arbor House,
NO. 5 SEDGWICK, ONE DOOR FROM COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN.
JOHNNY KEATING & JOE HEARN....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

Boxing Gloves.
THE NEW "GAME COCK STYLE" USED BY
HEENAN AND COBURN.
Softest Hair—Finest Skin—Strongest Seams—Good Size—Stylish Cut.
A SETT OF 4 WEIGHS 35 OZ. NEATLY PACKED AND SENT BY MAIL POSTAGE PAID BY US TO ANY PART—UNITED STATES—ON RECEIPT OF $7.
ANY PART—CANADA, WEST INDIES, &c., ON RECEIPT $8 50.
BOXING ILLUSTRATED.
Heenan and Sayers' Fighting Positions, &c., sent by mail free 1½c.
SPORTING GOODS OF EVERY KIND ALWAYS ON HAND.
KEYSTONE SPECIAL AGENCY,
Mount Vernon street,
(Agents Wanted.) [31-2t*] Box 1190, Philadelphia, Pa

The Greenroom,
No. 221 CENTRE STREET,
Three doors from Grand street, New York.
THOMPSON & WRAY, PROPRIETORS.
The best of
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.
GEO. W. THOMPSON. WM. WRAY.
N. B.—Two first class Club Rooms to let. 32-4t*

Joe Coburn, Joe Coburn,
CHAMPION OF AMERICA.
A Splendid FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF JOE COBURN, in FIGHTING COSTUME, sent by express, to any part of the United States on receipt of $1 for plain and $1.50 for colored.
T. ALLSTON BROWN, Clipper office, is agent for the sale of them. 31-1t*

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

THE LATE MACE AND COBURN AFFAIR.

THE ENGLISHMAN TRIES TO PUT THE ONUS ON THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

MACE AND BRUNTON HAVE AN ANGRY ALTERCATION ABOUT DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

THEY APPOINT DIFFERENT PLACES TO SETTLE.

MORE BUNCOMBE CHALLENGES.

THE latest particulars concerning the "squabble" between Mace vs. Brunton, *et al.* present matters in no very enviable light for the London division. Now that Coburn has been out of England for over a month and here over two weeks, Mace makes a variety of propositions, which will look extremely ridiculous to people on this side the Atlantic. Below will be found extracts from *Bell's Life* and the *Sporting Life*:

WHAT DOWLING HAS TO SAY.

MACE AND COBURN.—Jem Mace, who has been at Newmarket during the week, with Harry Brunton, in order to return the money to those gentlemen who were so kind as to stand in his stake for his match against Coburn, begs to state that the unsportsmanlike conduct of his antagonist in backing out from the match has created great dissatisfaction to Jem and his supporters, and likewise brought a great and lasting disgrace on the Ring. Mace, to prove that he had trained and was fit to fight, is still willing to try conclusions. If Coburn means fighting, Jem will go to Ireland and fight him at a week's notice, *providing he will select a referee before Mace starts from England*; or he (Mace) will make a match for from £5 to £500 a side, to take place in England or Wales, *Bell's Life to appoint the referee*; and Mace will forfeit all the money if Coburn does not receive fair play; and to show that no partizanship is aimed at, Mace will agree to have only half a dozen friends on each side present."

Mace, through his organ, then appeals in sorrowful tones for those of his backers who have received back their money to send him a few pounds towards defraying his training expenses, but makes no mention of returning the money fraudulently received for his colors—we say fraudulently because we are satisfied that Mace never intended fighting at all in Ireland.

THE SPORTING LIFE'S VERSION.

The final stakeholder having handed over to Harry Brunton the sum staked on behalf of Mace, Brunton attended at Newcastle during the week ending Oct. 29 in order to meet many turfites who had contributed their portion of the stakes. The effect of such consultation was one of unqualified approbation at the fairness of the stakeholder's proceeding and the straightforward conduct of the host of the George and Dragon. *Mace went down on the Cambridgeshire day in dire indignation at not having had his capital increased by "a monkey," and a very angry altercation ensued between him and Harry as to a fair distribution of the gatherings for the Hibernian farce.* One well known bookmaker received his cash, but in consequence of the absence of many other contributors it was agreed to hold a meeting at Harry Brunton's, City Music-hall, Beech street, Barbican, on Tuesday night, in order to come to a final adjustment of the late difficulty. It ought to be stated, *that Mace and Brunton have both made their places.*

As an evidence that the match was not altogether without interest, we give the ludicrous side of the question as advertised in the London papers to come off at the Strand Judge and Jury Club:

"The only Poses Plastiques in London are at 404, Strand, conducted by M. Laporte, of Her Majesty's Theatre, Nicholson's world-renowned Judge and Jury, as usual, at half-past 9. "The Trial of Jem Mace, Joe Coburn, and the Dublin Do-Nothings, with little Harry Brooks' Confessions as the repentant ex-pugilist, is a great mental hit."—*Saturday Review*

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—A. Marsden and Joe Wormald staked another £10 a side, on Thursday, Oct. 27, and the next installment of £10 a side has to be staked on Thursday evening, Nov. 3, at Bos Tyler's, when Wormald will show for the last time previous to going into training.

GAME AND RESOLUTE BATTLE
BETWEEN
BINGEY ROSE, (JOE COBURN'S FIRST OPPONENT IN ENGLAND IN A SPARRING MATCH,)
AND
SALMON, OF MANSFIELD.

THIS battle, which has for a long time engrossed the attention of the sporting fancy in the county of Nottingham, was concluded satisfactorily on Wednesday, Oct. 26th, near Lindrick Common, in the county of Yorkshire. About a month since, an attempt was made to bring off the battle in the same district, when, owing to a dispute respecting the appointment of a referee, the meeting was futile. The arrangements for the present "mill" were very open, and on a large party of Rose's friends arriving at Worksop from Nottingham, there was a report current in that town to the effect that Lindrick Common (the appointed place) was haunted by the "blues." This, however, turned out untrue, for as the vehicles were travelling *en route*, and even when they arrived, the police were invisible. The combatants were ordered to prepare on their arrival, and the referee conducted all to a very remote spot of turf, which was approached through a perfect labyrinth of plantation and hillocks. The ropes and stakes were now found to be absent, but so determined were the principals, that it was readily agreed to fight the battle without. The battle caused great interest to be centered in it from the fact of Bingey Rose having previously encountered Manning of Bristol, Tom Allen of Birmingham, and others; whilst Salmon was untried. Bingey was fearfully out of condition, his body being "beefy" in the extreme, and his weight nearly 11st. 7lb., though his actual fighting weight should have been 10st. 2lb. Salmon was in the best possible condition, and is possessed of a very muscular frame; his height is 5ft. 5¾in., (exactly the same as Bingey's,) and he weighed 10st. 5lb. This gave Bingey an apparent advantage to look at, but it was certain, from the first, that Bingey's wind would be affected if the fight lasted long. As the ground was being cleared the men prepared their toilettes, and just after half-past eight, A. M., the men were ready, with a well-made ring by the spectators to fight in On coming up to scratch, Bingey presented himself, with Tom Allen of Birmingham and Harry Savage as his esquires; David Thompson of Leicester and George Maude of Sheffield doing the needful for Salmon. When they put up their hands Bingey placed himself with his left slightly extended, and his right well up as guard, both mawleys being very straight; whilst Salmon assumed more the position of a pedestrian at the scratch, his "ducked" head and high arms giving a full illustration of such a subject. It should be here remarked that Bingey first offered evens, and then 5 and 6 to 4 that he won, but no one had sufficent confidence in Salmon to accept the odds. The circle was kept well by the spectators as the men commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. There was little time lost in sparring, for Bingey, after feinting with his left, sent that member towards his antagonist's facial region by way of a "feeler." The tempting position of Salmon's head, as he stood prepared for an onslaught, was now plainly to his disadvantage, and Bingey got on lightly. Exchanges on the ribs followed, but Bingey planting his right on the throat, they closed, and after a rally Salmon got down.

2. Neither of the men had apparently steadied themselves sufficiently at first, rather a wild rally being the consequence. Bingey, however, stepped back; Salmon followed, and caught a stinger on the nose which drew forth the first drops of ruby in the battle. A scramble for the fall ensued, in which both were down. [*First blood* claimed and allowed for Bingey.]

3. Rose led off; Salmon stopped him cleverly, and getting together, Bingey visited the damaged nose without receiving any return. Salmon tried in vain to get on, hitting very short. Bingey feinted, and then launched out with stinging force on his opponent's eye, Rose returning lightly on the jaw. They closed, when Bingey was sent to grass by the back heel.

4. Immediately on facing each other Salmon led off, but was wofully short; and still inclining to his practice of protruding his head, Rose landed a tremendous upper-cut on his nose, completely staggering him. On recovering, Salmon just landed on Bingey's ribs, but was directly afterwards fought down by the Nottingham man.

5. Salmon, in attempting to lead off, was again short, and Bingey, feinting, drew him on in time to inflict a "ribroaster." Salmon looked rather "groggy," but rushed into close quarters. He was "receiver general" of some fine counters on the left peeper and nose by Rose. At the close of the round Salmon was fought down.

6. Salmon on appearing at the scratch looked strangely disfigured for the short space of time they had been fighting, his left eye, nose and forehead displaying unmistakable signs of the heavy punishment he had received; nevertheless, he was as game as at first. Bingey took the initiative this time, and planted a straight one on the nose, Salmon returning on Bingey's ribs. They closed, when Salmon "fibbed" away merrily to the delight of his friends, and Bingey was under in the fall.

7. No time was lost by Salmon, who got in on the ribs, receiving on his damaged proboscis in return. Some slight counters followed, until Salmon got a "hot one" home on Bingey's mouth, cutting it through. Both went at it in earnest until the finish of the round, when both were down in the centre of the ring.

8. Salmon was bleeding freely as he faced Bingey, and the latter's lip was also swollen. Salmon led off, but was out of distance, and Bingey laying on to Salmon's forehead, the Mansfield lad again got slightly on Bingey's mouth, who, rather riled, rushed in and inflicted several heavy blows on the side of the head, closing after this. Rose cross-buttocked his opponent heavily.

9. Short sparring, both out of distance. Bingey feinted, and Salmon, taking the invitation, received a heavy visitation on the right ear and a couple of counters on the cheek and nose, in return for some short left-handers on Bingey's chest. A good rally resulted in both going down side by side.

10. Bingey led off with a straight right-hander on the nose, producing a fresh supply of the ruby, receiving in return a straight shot on the ribs. Bingey then got home on Salmon's head, and after a rally the latter was fought down.

11. Salmon was again short in leading off, and Bingey, after planting his right on the head, got away smiling. Countering on the body in favor of Rose followed until they closed, when Bingey threw his antagonist heavily.

12. Bingey forced the fighting, and planted his left on the nose and the right on the mouth, Salmon contenting himself with a right-hander on the head. Bingey again visited Salmon's damaged "peeper," and after some heavy exchanges on the body, Rose threw Salmon.

13. Salmon's left eye was rapidly going up, while Bingey began to blow, owing to his want of training, though he continued forcing the pace. No sooner had they got to the scratch before Bingey visited Salmon's phiz, and repeated it on the left eye. The Mansfield lad, notwithstanding his gameness, lacked science, and was short in all attempts. This round was concluded by Rose fighting him down.

14. Good cross counters on the head and body, Salmon winding up by damaging Bingey's right eye, and getting down.

15. Heavy countering on the body, and exchanges on the head, Bingey visiting the left eye once more, and sending Salmon to grass with a straight right-hander on the mouth. [*First knock down blow* claimed and allowed to Rose.]

16. Bingey led off on Salmon's nose without any return; Salmon followed Rose up, reached the body with the right, for which he received one on the proboscis, which sent him staggering down.

17. Offers to lay 2 to 1 on Rose. Salmon, owing to his splendid condition, came up as strong as at the commencement, and planted his right on Bingey's nose, as well as investing heavily on the ribs. Bingey, nothing daunted, retaliated on the eye and throat, but Salmon closing, some very rapid in-fighting ensued, until the Mansfield man threw Rose by the back heel.

18. Both were blown from the effects of the previous fast fighting, and they sparred for wind, and both were out of distance in their after attempts. Bingey at length got upon Salmon's damaged eye, receiving a light reminder on the ribs. The Nottingham man then planted on the head, closed, and threw his opponent. They had now been fighting 40 minutes.

19. Good counter-hits on the body, Bingey's deliveries with the right being severe, until they closed, and Bingey was thrown by the back heel, Salmon falling with him.

20. Bingey's left hand had puffed up considerably, and his right was fast following suit. This being the case, Salmon's backers and partisans were in high glee, and recommended their man to go in and finish Rose off. Judging from his tactics, however, Salmon evidently did not believe in the force of this argument, and, though Rose's hands must have been painful in the extreme, he, nevertheless, launched out with wonderful force and effect. Getting to scratch, Rose led off with his right on the eye, and again on the nose. Salmon, in return, was not idle, but punished Rose on the mouth and ribs severely. They rallied to a close, and Bingey threw Salmon and rolled over him.

21. Very little sparring before Bingey delivered on the forehead and broke ground cleverly. Salmon, in the return, was short, and Bingey again visited his left eye. Bingey then dashed his right straight on the forehead. Salmon just getting on the nob slightly in the return. A close, when rose was thrown.

22. Exchanges on the head until they closed and fell together, Rose uppermost.

23 Bingey had now changed his attitude, standing with his right leg in front, and delivered with the left, but was neatly stopped by Salmon, who was wofully short at the head. Bingey feinted with the left and Salmon being drawn on, Bingey let go with terrific effect, landing on the mark and staggering the Mansfield lad. Salmon soon recovered, and planted his left on Rose's throat, the latter retaliating on the old sore (the left eye), and afterwards fighting Salmon down.

24 to 29. Bingey kept paying flying visits to the left eye, Salmon being receiver general, until Rose floored him with a tremendous hit from the right.

30. Bingey forced the fighting, getting well on the head, owing to Salmon's short delivery, and managing to land a couple of upper-cuts. Salmon rallied gamely, visiting the ribs, when they closed, and Salmon had the best in the fall.

31. Salmon again on the body, Rose retaliating with a straight shot on the mark. Cross counters on the body followed, until Rose sent Salmon to ground by an upper-cut.

32 to 35. The effects of the punishment administered by Rose to the Mansfield man now began to be plainly perceptible, for regardless of the fact of Salmon's indomitable pluck, there was a weakness apparent that spoke for itself as to how long the battle would last; still Rose had both hands swollen, and Salmon exerted every effort on that account. In each of these rounds Rose went to work and forced the fighting, floored him, and in the 35th round, so great was the excitement of the Mansfield party, that it was indeed a task for the seconds to obtain sufficient room for the principals.

36 to 40. Salmon tried to turn the scale in his favor, but only went up to be knocked down.

41 to 46 and last. The game was all but up, for in most of these rounds the pincky Mansfielder only faced Bingey to be punished uselessly, and in the 46th round, after nearly falling twice without a blow, Bingey followed him, and planting on the left breast, closed, and threw Salmon heavily; when time was called the Mansfield man could not stand, and the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat, and Bingey Rose was declared victorious, after having fought one hour and thirty-five minutes.

REMARKS.

By this battle Rose has again proved the thorough gameness he possesses. Under the disadvantages arising from damaged hands, and through want of condition, he persevered against nature, until he brought his opponent down to his own level. Salmon is also a game and resolute boxer, and never flinched from the onslaughts made by Rose from time to time, although it was patent to all that he was overmatched. A collection for the loser was made at the ring side, Rose being the most liberal in his subscription.

TESTIMONIAL TO A BOXER.—The presentation of a silver cup to Alec Keene took place on Friday evening, Oct. 21, at the Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, in the presence of a strong muster of the friends and patrons of the recipient. The cup is of pure silver, weighs 140oz., and holds two gallons. The shield, which is enclosed by an elaborate wreath of laurel leaves, bears the following inscription:—"Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho. Presented to Alec Keene by a few friends, as a mark of respect and esteem for his straightforward conduct in and out of the Ring. Oct. 21, 1864." On the left is the British lion in an attitude of defiance, on the right is Britannia; at the foot of the shield are two draped banners and the rose, shamrock and thistle, signifying the British alliance; the whole enriched by a foreground of massive scrollwork, with branches of oak, vine and laurel. On the reverse side of the cup the prize ring is ably depicted, and represents two principals engaged, supported by their seconds, &c. Outside the ropes are numerous patrons of the P. R., regarding with evident interest the prowess of their respective favorites The foreground is enclosed by bold and richly-embossed scroll and leafwork, with sprigs of laurel and oak. At the foot are the gloves on one side, and clasped hands on the other, within leaves of laurel and oak. The handles are of wrought plate, fluted, and terminating on the cup in rich leafwork, from which spring two go'd flags, which add much to its general effect. On the cover, festoons of fruit and flowers are richly chased, the whole surmounted by the figures of two pugilists, shaking hands previous to the combat.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT.—Wednesday, Oct. 26th, was a "red letter day" in the pugilistic calendar of Cottonopolis, no fewer than three fistic tournaments being arranged to come off. Fidler's Ferry, near Warrington, was selected as the scene of action, and here the first pair who joined issue were Ned Evans and Bill Ingram (both of Manchester), the mill being for £25 a side, at 8st 6lb. The betting was 2 to 1 on Evans, and the battle was well and fairly contested throughout. 37 rounds were fought in 40 minutes, at the expiration of which time (though neither was much punished) Evans fell so weak that his seconds gave in for him.....Bob Dackem (who had trained Ingram) and Sam Skipton (alias Stiff Un) of Norwich, next entered the ring to engage in a "passage of arms," for £5 a side, at catch weight. This was a game fight, some heavy exchanges frequently taking place. The result proved, however, that on this occasion the Stiff Un received much more than he bargained for, as he was defeated by Dackem in 27 rounds, which occupied one hour and ten minutes.....Alec Stewart and Dick Johnson (respectively of Manchester) then joined issue in the same ring, for £5 a side, at catch weight, but after the battle had continued for an hour and 40 minutes the "blues" put in an appearance, and the combat was brought to an abrupt termination. The parties interested met at the sporting rendezvous of Mr. G. Hardy, Rising Sun Inn, Manchester, the same evening, when the referee ordered the men to fight at Agecroft, near that city, between 7 and 8 o'clock on the following (Thursday) morning, but they did not again get together.

Miscellaneous.

SCULLERS' RACE ON THE TYNE BETWEEN JAMES PERCY AND HARRY CLASPER, FOR £200.—The great boat race between Harry Clasper and James Percy, of Newcastle, for £100 a side, from the High level to Scotswood Bridge, which has for some time past been anticipated by the inhabitants of Tyneside with no little amount of curiosity and interest, came off on the Tyne on Tuesday, Oct. 25, shortly before noon. Harry Clasper has achieved a world-wide fame for his long and extraordinary career as an oarsman, and his connection with Chambers has added not a little to his popularity, especially in the north, where his name is as familiar as household words. Percy is comparatively unknown in the aquatic world, the present being his maiden race. He, however, may almost be said to be universally known as a pedestrian, having contended in most of the running-grounds throughout the kingdom, and as such has obtained distinction, and up to within a very few months ago he was admitted to be the best mile runner the six northern counties could produce. About two years ago, however, he turned his attention to aquatic matters, and made such surprising progress with the scull, that his backers expressed themselves prepared to match him with Harry Clasper. Percy has latterly been associated with Cooper as his trainer, and from the rivalry between the two "schools" the present match originated. The old man was nothing loth to take up the challenge, and it may be stated that Clasper is in his fifty-third year, whilst Percy's age is scarcely yet twenty-six. The weather was rather dull, and a good deal of mist hung on the river. The time appointed for the men to be in their boats was a quarter before eleven, and, with a preciseness that does them both credit, they were observed in their skiffs at the post ready for a start, Percy being on the north side As soon as the signal was given, they went off at a slashing pace, but Clasper appears to have been quite overmatched, as Percy, after a very few strokes, began to show his boat in front, and gradually increased his lead at the Shot Tower to two boats' lengths. From this point the veteran worked away manfully in the rear, and Percy seemed to be quite at his ease, going in a winner by about four boats' lengths. Mr. J. H. Clasper was umpire for the veteran, and Mr. John Adams for Percy. Mr. James Baird officiated as referee.

WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN LOWE AND SCHORA.—There was a considerable muster of spectators at the Royal Oak Grounds, Manchester, on Oct. 23d, upwards of 1,000 being present. Edward Lowe, of Whitworth, near Rochdale, and William Schora, of Ashton, were matched to wrestle the best of three back-falls in the Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, for £25 a side; Schora not to exceed 6 score, and Lowe 6 score 2lb. The wagering was carried on very briskly, 5 to 4 being freely laid on the Ashtonian. With praiseworthy punctuality, the athletes entered the arena and disrobed, Lowe having John Cross and Joseph Acton for his attendants; whilst Bob Ross and John Dolan did the needful for Schora. The office of referee was filled by the well-known wrestler, John Meadowcroft. On the competitors placing themselves in position, it was evident that Schora, who has attained great reputation at this pastime, had "caught a Tartar," for at the expiration of three minutes Lowe brought his man to grass in fine style. Lowe now became the favorite, 2 to 1 being freely laid. After the usual interval of ten minutes, operations were resumed and some exciting play followed. Schora succeeded in flooring his opponent after struggling for 27 min. Now came the tug of war for the final bout, the excitement being intense, but notwithstanding Schora's utmost endeavors, he was obliged to succumb after wrestling 7min.

FOOT RACE BETWEEN STEEPROCK AND TODDY RAY.—Steeprock, the Indian, and Ray, the pedestrian pug., ran a fifteen mile race at Hackney Wick, London, on Oct. 24th, for £20 a side, which was won by the Indian.

THE SPORTS OF THE CAMP—A DEER CHASE.—The monotony of camp life is sometimes broken by sports, in which our soldiers engage with zest. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Beverly in Western Virginia, thus describes a wild deer chase:—

"About noon to-day quite a lively sensation was caused among the 'boys' of the Eighth Ohio Cavalry, by a wild deer which had been hotly pursued by the hounds making a dash through the camp. Unfortunately for him he was shown no better quarter here. No sooner was the alarm 'wild deer in the camp,' given, than there was a general skedaddle for our carbines. All were eager for the chase. The young buck made his escape through camp, bounded up the hill side near by, and took his position inside the line of fortifications, under a cluster of bushes. By this time there were more than a hundred of the 'boys' in pursuit, and a line of skirmishers quickly surrounded him. Just at this time a large red fox, being frightened from his repose, emerged from the bushes, and on trying to make his flight through the lines was shot dead by one of the skirmishers.

"Our lines now cautiously advanced, and soon the position of the enemy was discovered. Heavy skirmishing now began, and the young buck was driven from his position. But, making a daring charge, he cut his way out unharmed, although under a galling fire and prodigious yells from his pursuers. A grand chase now took place, pell-mell, through bushes and briers, over logs and brush, still keeping up the fire, but without effect. Meanwhile our flankers had made use of the time and cut off his retreat, and a well directed shot from a Burnside rifle brought him to the ground. Seeing our victory complete, cheers of triumph echoed along the lines. The deer was thrown across a horse, and the 'Yankee' hunters returned to camp."

A GOOD CHARACTER.—An Irish witness was recently asked what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity. "Why, troth, since iver I've known her, she's kept the house clane and dacent."

BILLIARDS.

OPENING OF A NEW BILLIARD PALACE IN WASHINGTON.

The inauguration of the magnificent billiard saloon just completed by Mr. Michael Geary, in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, over the entrance to Grover's Theatre, was celebrated on Wednesday and Thursday, the 9th and 10th inst. The new rooms are fitted up in the most elegant and tasteful manner, the decorations being executed in the most exquisite style of art. They contain eight of Messrs. Phelan & Collender's Standard American Tables, all of the best and most perfect manufacture of this world-renowned firm. Upwards of two thousand persons were present on the occasion, and the practical illustrations of the beauties of this scientific and fascinating game by the accomplished artists present, were regarded with the deepest interest, and elicited repeated expressions of admiration. The most noticeable events of the first evening were the friendly contests between Ed. Cahill and the enterprising proprietor, Michael Geary, and between the American Billiard Champion, Dudley Kavanagh, of New York, and the "father of billiards" in this country, Mr. Michael Phelan. In the former contest, Cahill came off victorious by two points only, although his opponent, Mr. Geary, made the largest run, viz., 66 points. The great pressure of the excited crowd caused considerable inconvenience to the players. The second trial of skill was between the two world-famous billiard artists, Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh. Although both parties were somewhat hurried from the exertions they had made to arrive in time, and thus prevent disappointment to the friends assembled, yet the play was superb on both sides. Appended is the score:

Kavanagh.....60, 10, 0, 10, 73, 97, 2, 12, 43, 5, 20, 69—Total, 401
Phelan.....39, 121, 11, 8, 10, 6, 0, 10, 25, 0, 10, 12—Total, 252

The following afternoon, a private exhibition of skill was given by the proprietor to a few invited guests, and the members of the press. Among the former were his honor the Mayor Wallach, Brigadier Terry, Superintendent Webb, and a large number of distinguished military and naval officers, and prominent officials in the civil service. In a contest between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, the former came off successful, making a run of 119 points. A very interesting game of French caroms, 30 points up, between Messrs. Isidore Gayraud and Phelan was won by the former by 6 points. The winner made two runs of, 2 and 5, and the latter of 12 and 7. The entire proceedings were productive of great pleasure to all interested.

CONNECTICUT BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—The match between Messrs. Michael Hollahan and G. B. Hubbell for the Championship and Champion Cue of the State of Connecticut, takes place on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15th, at Allyn Hall, Hartford. There is a vast amount of interest centred in this contest among the billiard players of the above State, and opinions are pretty equally divided as to the merits of the contestants. Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh and other leading billiard celebrities from New York purpose being present.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the Championship of Billiards in the Keystone State, between the present holder of the Golden Cue, Victor Estephe and R. T. Ryall, takes place on Tuesday, December 13th, and not on the 23d, as originally announced.

BILLIARDS VERSUS TEN PINS IN CINCINNATI.—The old-fashioned game of ten pins, which at one time was all the rage in this city, writes a Cincinnatian, is now very seldom heard of, so far as we are aware; there not being more than one or two ten-pin-alleys in the entire city. There is no doubt but playing at ten Pins is a healthy exercise, but one calling for somewhat too much of the manual to please those suffering from rheumatism or gout. The most fashionable game for those who have the leisure to devote to recreation of any kind, is billiards, of which there are several very fine saloons in the city, and it is astonishing what adepts in this truly interesting game some of our young gentlemen have become. Of all games this is, probably, the least objectionable, as there is not the least necessity to win or lose, betting on the result of the contest really being prohibited in well-regulated establishments—the only forfeit being the loss of the price of the game to the bar-keeper by the one not dexterous enough to win, or having the bad luck to lose. One source of pleasure in playing billiards is from the conversation that may be carried on, and still the game not be interfered with. Some of the most witty sallies and sharp rejoinders we ever heard have been uttered by those with cues in hand, ready to make a run of a goodly number of points. But, like every thing else, billiards may be run into the ground, and time devoted thereto which might be better employed in something else. Our advice to all, therefore, is when you have nothing better to do, take a cue in hand, and amuse yourself with your friend, and the ivory balls. As for saloons, there are the Tieman's, Mozart, Apollo, St. Nicholas, and others, in which you will find good and excellent accommodations.

ROYAL HALIFAX, C. E., YACHT CLUB.—A meeting of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club was held in Halifax Hotel on Friday evening, Nov. 4. The chair was occupied by Com. Wallace. The report of the sailing committee was read, from which document it appeared that Wm. Hare, Esq., was the winner of the first-class prize cup, and Vice Commodore Drillio of the second. This being the second time the cup has been won by the Vice Commodore, it was finally passed into his possession. The first-class cup was won by Mr. Hare. It was selected by James Duffus, Esq., who is at present in Great Britain. The cup is a splendid as well as a valuable one. The meeting was well attended, and several new members were elected. A statement of the affairs of the club showed that they were in a satisfactory and prosperous condition. A committee was appointed to report upon the advisability of holding a ball at an early day.

FIVE MILE FOOT RACE.—A five mile foot race for $250 a side, came off on the Bridgeport half-mile race course, on Saturday, Nov. 12th, between the two celebrated pedestrians, John Grindell, the Champion distance runner of America, and Young Sport. The former was the favorite at $100 to $20, but there was little betting. Grindell took the lead and won with consummate ease, in 29min. 33secs. The victor was backed by Mr. Michael Galvin of Hartford, and the loser by a New Haven gentleman. To the former gentleman Grindell and his mentor, Jake Roome, desire to express their acknowledgment of the kindness and courtesy they experienced at his hands. Young Sport subsequently ran a mile race against time for a bet of $100 a side; he having to accomplish that distance in 4min. 45secs. He failed to do it, his time being 5 min. 22secs.

BULL FIGHT IN MALAGA.

THE following is an account of a bull fight at Malaga, in Spain, from the pen of Cecil Martyn, of Aldershot, who describes it from the point of his own observation, having witnessed the skill of no less a personage than the famous Antonio Sanchez, nicknamed "El Tato:"—The Plaza de Toros, at Malaga, is not so large as that at Seville; but, having seen bull fights at both, I am of the opinion that the performance at the former city is generally the better of the two. The Plaza contained about twelve thousand persons, one half of whom were shouting for "Dominguez," at times exhibiting a daub purporting to represent that veteran toreador, and the other half yelling for "El Tato;" both factions waved fans with furious energy, and hurled at each other chaff and doggrel rhymes, improvised for the occasion. When the picadores had left the arena, El Tato advanced towards the corregidor's box and made a short speech, at the end of which, uttered with marked emphasis, he indulged in the curious ceremony of placing his cross-hilted rapier in his left hand, and with his right whirling his sombero over his left shoulder, he kissed the bl

A DUTCHMAN'S VISIT

TO SEE

Miss Menken Play Mazeppa.

CANTO I.

Hans, vy aint you go and see der sight,
What's goin' on now every night,
Mit Adam Menkens?

Where all de peoples, great and shmall,
Lank and lean, and shmart and tall,
See Adam Menkens.

I mean de place Miss Zeppa shows,
Where so many mens and vimens goes,
To see Miss Menkens.

Vy, you don't forgot 'em many day,
So you must go and see dis play
Of Adam Menkens.

Adam comes first, and den sich noise
Takes place mit Cashmere and de poys
Of Adam Menkens.

She vants a vimens and doesn't git her,
'Cause Caterpillar he wont let her
Go mit Isaac Menkens.

So Adam shwears, looks frightful mad,
Till he meets Coldslaus, and den he's glad,
Dis Isaac Menkens.

She's smuggled up in a big brown cloak,
And Coldslaus tinks him all a joke,
By Adam Menkens.

Until she shpouts and pulls out sword
And shticks Coldslaus, mit out a word,
Dis Adam Menkens.

Coldslaus shqueels and loudly bellows,
And den coomes in some oder fellows,
To catch Miss Menkens;

But she runs too fast, and gits avay
From all de fellows in de play,
Dis Adam Menkens.

Den Caterpillar gits dam mad,
And brings him back and treats him bad,
Dis Adam Menkens.

And takes Adam out mit out much close,
When it's cold enough to freeze your nose,
Poor Adam Menkens!

And shwears mit out pity or remorse,
Dey shall ty him on de bare-back horse,
Adam Isaac Menkens.

Dey does it—and away she goes
Up de shteep mountains, and nobody knows
What comes of Adam Menkens.

And den de muslin curtain drops,
And de play for fifteen minutes shtops,
Mit Adam Menkens.

CANTO II.

Den py and py you hears a bell,
Up goes te muslin, and all ish well
Mit Adam Menkens.

Two chaps comes out, and looks afeard
Te difel wants 'em, and dey ish shkeered,
By Adam Menkens.

Den py and py dey hollows wallupum,
And cross te stage goes horse a gallupin,
Mit Adam Menkens.

Nex coomes te mountain mit peoples dere,
And old chap speaks, mit long gray hair,
About Adam Menkens.

So dey all gits down, and gapes and stares,
Listening to old Candles, mit long gray hairs,
About Miss Menkens.

Den down de hill coomes de same bay horse,
Who don't look well, but good deal worse,
Mit Adam Menkens.

He shtops and shmells, and lays him down,
As if he's tired, on de ground,
Mit Isaac Menkens.

Now coomes old Candles, mit long gray hair,
Says, who ish dish dat we've got dere,
Is't Isaac Menkens?

See! see! he says, I know de star,
I'm positive dat he's tar tar,
Dis Adam Menken.

And den he shpouts dats yust te ting,
He is mine son, and moost be king,
Dis Isaac Menken.

Yust den a villian, mit black mug,
Says he shant—not by a jug,
Dis Misses Menken.

So old Candles lays him down
To shleep beside his son he's found,
Dats Adam Menken.

Den de poy gits up to see whose dere,
And goes outside to shnuff some air,
Dis Isaac Menken.

And when he coomes in, he sees big fight,
So he jumps in mit left and right,
Miss Adam Menken;

And saves te life of dis old Candle,
Who found hard work dose two to handle,
Mit out Miss Menken.

So Candles says I now will bring,
My peoples here and make you king,
Miss Menkens.

Den on day coomes, mitout remorse,
And he's made king on top de horse,
Dis Isaac Menken.

Den once more de curtain drops,
And so again dis big play shtops,
Mit Adam Menkens.

CANTO III.

So, py and py commence de last,
Now don't forgit what yust gone past,
About Adam Menkens.

On comes three chaps mit heavy cowles,
Dat you don't know mit blackened jowles,
Mit Miss Menken.

An all at once yon sees it clear,
'Tis dis young chap dey call Cashmere,—
Dat's Adam Menken.

Dat wants his vimens, I said before,
To take him home to his own door,
For Adam Menken.

So py and py dey gits de fool,
To give 'm te keys, de simple tool,
For Adam Menken.

So Adam goes in, and says de marriage
Must not go on mitout a carriage,
For Miss Linska.

Den old Caterpillar rips and shweare,
And goes to work and tears his haire,
About Adam Menken.

Den Coldslaus too, he shpeaks and shouts,
And asks what all dis noise apout,
Yust for Menkens?

Den old Candles peep over te wall,
And tells 'em shtop—he'll kill 'em all,
For Adam Menken.

Den, Hans, you see de biggest row
Dat ever you see, until yust now,
About Miss Menken.

Dey fight and shout, mit swords and guns,
Up te hills and down te runs,
About Adam Menken.

Until Cashmere and Linska, side by side,
And Zeppa takes her for his bride,
Dis Isaac Menken.

So, Hans, de piece you must admire,
For de stage looks so 'as all on fire
For Adam Menken.

Now go, yust once, and believe me true,
Dese lines I have written all for you
And Isaacs Menken.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THREAT—THE MASTER AND THE SLAVE—AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE—ALARMED.

The consternation of Athol Clement when he heard the determined announcement of Hugh Bernard was too deep to find immediate expression in words. He sprung forward, and was restrained only by the warning touch of the creole from striking the Captain to his feet.

"Let him!" coolly ejaculated Hugh; "do as he will, though I may well inquire by what right he interferes in your behalf?"

"By the sacred right of every true man to protect a helpless woman from a cruel insult!"

"Really," returned the Captain, "you make me smile. Is it, may I ask, usually pronounced an insult—a cruel insult, I think, was your exact expression—to offer a lady marriage?"

"Hark you, sir!" replied Athol, "if by force you drag her to such a fate, I'll track you like a witch's curse—I'll——"

"Enough, sir!" answered Bernard. "The lady will become mine with her free consent only. I have some business to discuss with my ward which concerns ourselves alone. How you came here will be a matter of inquiry among the servants. The only atonement for the intrusion is your instant departure."

"Your chambers, sir," returned Athol, "are, I believe, in the Albany?"

"Where I preserve so strict a seclusion," responded Bernard, "that I receive no visitors. I cannot make an exception even in favor of Mr. Athol Clement."

"I *will* see you, Hugh Bernard. I will know the secret of your remorseless power."

"Mr. Clement must permit me to remind him that the boudoir of a lady is not precisely a proper place for altercation."

"I accept the suggestion," cried Athol, as he turned to depart; "but I warn you to be careful, Hugh Bernard—for, though I wield the pencil, I can also use the sword."

Bernard merely replied by a hypocritical bow, as he followed Clement and Latour to the door. This he shut, and then carefully closed the curtained *portiere* by which it was concealed.

A moment after, and the master confronted the slave. Lucy, tearless, but with more resolution of endurance and action than she had ever before felt, waited the commencement of the attack.

"Lucy Marsden," began Bernard, quietly seating himself by her side, "in this interview, which will decide the fate of both of us, it is my purpose to be, for the first time, frank, open, and truthful. The knowledge of the secret then, which, like a sharp sword, is ever suspended over you, would have been spared you, but for an act committed by your mother."

"Say no word of her, sir! nor breathe a shadow on her loved name!"

Lucy, speaking these words, started up with an indignant gesture; and with flashing eyes gazed steadily on his unchanging face.

"Upon my word, Miss Marsden, I had never before given you credit for such spirit!" returned the Captain, with his repellant smile. "But you might have spared your injunction. I intended no slander on the memory of the deceased Lady Marsden. You, perhaps," he resumed, after a slight pause, "know the object of my visit to the Grange nearly two years since?"

"I can surmise it," spoke Lucy, turning away. 'Twas to extort——"

"Extort?"

"Extort," resolutely repeated Lucy, "a large sum of money from my poor mother, and her signature."

"Precisely; more important even than the money was the signature to—to what?"

"I know not," replied Lucy.

"In my desire for excessive frankness, you shall learn. It was to a will, by the terms of which I should, as sole executor and trustee, have had absolute control over your enormous wealth;—for," he added, "your wealth is enormous."

"But she signed the document?"

"She did, but not as I had prepared it. She had added a legacy for Latour which I had omitted to insert. Latour was one of the witnesses of this will, but, being interested in its provisions, his name as a witness was of no effect. Consequently, you see, the document, being informal, my purpose was foiled. You acknowledge my frankness, I hope?"

Lucy bowed her head.

"The control that escaped me in this manner I was compelled to exercise in another. It was for this I revealed to you the secret that your late mother had alone shared with me; and I, armed with this power, became, Lucy Marsden, the master of your fate."

"Proceed, sir," exclaimed Lucy.

"I am, if you please, an adventurer, but sanctified by success. Your means have supplied my extravagancies, if so you choose to call them; but, in a continuation of the same spirit of candour, I am forced to admit that I, who have thus gained the reputation of such vast wealth, am positively dunned by tradesmen—dunned by tradesmen, Miss Lucy Marsden!"

"And yet you have taken——"

"Thousands, I admit it. But tradesmen are proverbially inquisitive. I hint that my wealth is derived from a quicksilver mine in California. Would you believe it?—these tradesmen have discovered that the mine exists only in my imaginative assertion!"

"Oh, tell me what you require," impatiently interrupted Lucy, "and——"

"I pray you to stem your impatience. You are budding into womanhood, Miss Marsden, and may soon marry. To me that event would be—em!—inconvenient. Your husband, more inquisitive than even the tradespeople, might elicit—em!—something unpleasant. The situation, briefly, then, is this: You are rich—I, in reality, am poor. What so easy an extrication from my difficulties as a marriage? The lady must be young, wealthy, well-born. You, Lucy Marsden, fulfil each of these conditions, and so I ask you respectfully to become my wife."

Lucy Marsden rose up, and in a calm voice, so painful because so forced, replied, "Permit me to share the candour which it seems you would arrogate exclusively. As frankly as you dare to offer, so frankly I venture to refuse. The very thought of such an union sickens my heart to breaking. It would kill me, Hugh Bernard."

"You know not," returned the Captain, approaching her, "how much the youthful heart will bear ere it breaks, Lucy."

The young, beauteous girl glided from his proffered touch, and placed her finger on the bell.

"Whither do you go?" inquired Bernard, with sudden savageness.

"To summon my servants, Hugh Bernard"

"I dare you, Lucy Marsden, to such an act. I am an indifferent, ruined man, and if they enter I shall relate the *truth*."

For a moment the touch of the young girl lingered on the bell. But soon, helpless, almost nerveless, she sank into a chair. Bernard moved across the thick-piled carpet, and, selecting the same worn-edged papers from his purse which he had formerly shown to Lady Marsden, he leant over her chair, and placed them clearly before her eyes. She shrunk at the sight, and convulsively clasping her hands, slid off her seat, and prostrated herself shuddering on the floor.

"On these papers, in these old characters," whispered Bernard, "is inscribed the destiny of Lucy Marsden. 'Tis not always that we can be the arbiters of our own fate. Once more I offer you my hand—once more I request you to decide."

She half rose up and clutched his knees.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "spare me—by my mother's sainted spirit, spare me!"

Bernard roughly gripped her.

"Your mother!" retorted Bernard,—"your mother! Is it for Lucy Marsden to invoke her mother's name?"

"You cannot," she sobbed, "be all stone. Some grain of pity must still rest within your heart. Think how young I am for such a doom! Wealth, jewels, name itself—take all that I have—unheeded take them—and let me depart alone."

"I will take them all," returned Bernard, "with yourself."

She directly started to her feet; the tone of entreaty was abandoned; a wild light gleamed from her lustrous eyes, and lent a delicious tremble to her voice. Something she had inhaled with her first breath in the tropic-land—something of its feeling, its impulsiveness, and its passion.

"What!" she exclaimed: "I mate with you—you who have made the happiness of my very life a plaything for your iron will! I, so young, so innocent of the world's guile, fettered to such as these! I tell you that I would sooner cast myself from all I hold dear, and barefoot walk this thorny world, than ever, Hugh Bernard, wear your hated name!"

Bernard smiled the old sardonic smile.

"I watch your unavailing struggle, Lucy, as the fowler marks the efforts of the bird who strives to pierce the meshes of his all-enclosing net."

"Oh, that my eyes had been blighted ere they lit on thee!" cried Lucy. "You thrust yourself in our happy home, and, like the fabled upas, poison all that come within the shadow of your presence. My mother you slew——"

Bernard started—his veins knotted—a thick dew burst from his palid face.

"Slew her!" he cried. "Take heed, Lucy!"

"Heed! why should I heed? What was it but the foulest murder to weigh upon her soul, poison the sweets of life, and crush her inch by inch in your slimy serpent folds?"

Bernard was relieved. There was, then, no suspicion of his real crime.

"Lucy," he taunted, "never in your life did you seem in my eyes so fair as now. Once more, then, the alternative—my hand, or the false fabric shall fall and crush you in its ruins."

"So let it be!" she calmly replied,—"so let it be!"

As she pronounced this, she took from her bosom a locket containing the miniature of her mother, and kissed it. Touching a secret spring, the back flew open, and disclosed a lock of hair; behind the lock of hair, a paper—a small piece of paper—a portion of a leaf of a pocket-book. On this a few words traced in pencil; they were the last words of her mother. And as she saw them, they formed a sort of spell, which conjured up the whole scene before her—the lonely Grange—the "Fate" on the sward—the corpse floating in the reedy stream, and on the small piece of paper was the last injunction of the mother she loved so well, and who had endured so much for her sake. Could she disobey it? An instant revulsion of feeling—once more the pearl-drops of tears suffused her hazel eyes, and adorned her peachy cheeks—once more was she a trembling suppliant before this man of stony heart.

"Spare me!" she exclaimed, in tear-choked utterance,—"spare me! Oh, Hugh Bernard, for the sake of your dear soul, spare me!"

"Once more, Lucy Marsden, I have the honour to offer you my hand!"

He spoke to one utterly senseless, for Lucy had fainted as she fell. He lifted her, and placed her on a sofa; he saw that for some time recovery was unlikely; the clash of the dinner-bell resounded through the house; Bernard summoned the attendants; they came speedily.

"Tell your mistress," he said, "that I will make an excuse for her absence from the dining-table; inform her, beside, that I shall be at the Opera this evening—that she must meet me there by eleven at the latest. Tell her that she *must*, or——"

"Or what, sir?" inquired one of the maids.

Bernard paused for a moment, then lifted the *portiere*.

"Or what?" repeated the servant, seeing that he was going.

"My message," he merely replied, as he glided from the room,—"my message, as I send it!"

CHAPTER VIII.

BELOW STAIRS—THE SERVANTS HAVE A TALK—THE CREOLE AGAIN—THE CONJUROR—THE CHARMER OF SERPENTS.

The Countess is getting that mean, that I declare there's no staying in the place with her!" declared Miss Minkin, before her fellow-servants in the stewards' room in Belgrave Square. "What do you think?"

"I never think, Miss Minkin," replied Mr. Chapman, the butler, in a mincing tone. "It does so make my head ache."

"Lor', Mr. Chapman," returned Miss Minkin, "you are such a man! This morning, some body comes, if you please, and must see my lady. 'What is your business, mum?' I says. 'Which my bisness it is private,' says she. 'My lady isn't up yet,' says I. 'Which she will see *me*,' she says. 'Oh, indeed!' says I. 'Perhaps you'll give me your card,' says I, perking up. 'Which there it is,' says she. Oh, Mr. Chapman, jest you guess my feelings!"

"Take a glass of wine, Miss Minkin."

"Or jest a small toothful of brandy, Mr. Chapman; though spirits I should never touch but by the orders of my meddicle man."

Miss Minkin, slightly recovering by the aid of the stimulants, proceeded.

"Guess my feelings, Mr. Chapman, when I read the creature's card—'Ladies' Wardrobes Purchased! Three hundred per cent given more than any other dealer.' I have lived in the fust o' families, and sich an insult was never put on me afore."

"You don't mean to say," interposed stout Mrs. Cranley, the housekeeper, "that my lady was a-going to sell your perkisits?"

"Going to sell 'em, Mrs. Cranley?—she has sold 'em. The blue more antic with the lace trimming; the pink muslin with the white flouncings, that I'd meant to have made up for myself; the chip and primrose bonnet that I've tried on over and over, and even persuaded my lady to buy, because I knew it 'ud suit me! And my lady has sold 'em all, and she's got the money! It's nothing better than a robbery, is it, now?"

"That," philosophically pronounced Mr. Chapman, "is the worst of living in poor families. It's bad enough now; but if any thing was to happen, or Miss Marsden was to go——"

"As she will soon, I've no doubt," retorted Miss Minkin. "Heiresses don't go a-begging."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Jackson, Miss Marsden's maid, as she bustled in—"oh! such a scene!"

"Where?" inquired Mrs. Cranley.

"Up-stairs with my young missis and the Capting. "Oh, dear! ain't she been fainting away!"

"What has happened?" inquired Mr. Chapman.

"Dear me," pursued Miss Jackson, "I am so upset!"

"Will you—em!—take anything, Miss Jackson?" inquired Mr. Chapman.

"The least drop of sherry wine—jest the bottom of the glass. No—no spirits, I'm obliged to you. *My* meddicle man says I ain't to touch 'em."

Miss Jackson glanced at Miss Minkin, who scorned to understand the allusion.

"My poor young lady! She's to be married to that horrid Capting on the 24th of next month. I heard him say so."

"You!" sternly inquired Miss Minkin.

"Yes," unblushingly returned Miss Jackson. "I happened to hear 'em talking."

"On the 24th," replied Miss Minkin. "Oh, its terrible! Oh, Mr. Chapman, what an awful thing!"

"What, to be married?" inquired Mr. Chapman, with a smile.

"Get along!" laughed the prim Miss Minkin. "But is it true? Will they really be married on the 24th of next month?"

"No. Lucy Marsden will never be the wife of Hugh Bernard!"

It was Antony Latour who spoke.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Chapman, "of course *you* know all about it."

Mr. Chapman intended this observation to be peculiarly satirical. The truth was, he had grown somewhat jealous of the influence that Latour had acquired among his fellow-servants. Hitherto, Mr. Chapman—by virtue of his command over the contents of the cellar—had reigned so supreme, that it was now only natural that he should be unwilling even to divide his sway. Antony Latour quietly sat down.

"You heard what Miss Jackson said," pursued Chapman, "that your young missis was to be married on the 24th of next month?"

"I heard it perfectly," replied Latour, "and it was therefore I said that the marriage would never take place."

"One would think," pursued Chapman, with a half laugh, "that you were a magician."

"Perhaps I am!" replied Antony.

"Lor', Mr. Latour!" shrieked the ladies, almost simultaneously.

"My skill I inherited," continued Latour, "from my mother. She was a priestess of Obi—"

"Oh!" interposed Miss Jackson; "Three-fingered Jack! I've seen him at the play!"

"No!" returned Latour; "but Obi, the God of the Negro!"

"And you can conjure, then, Mr. Latour?"

"Give me a glass—a wine glass."

Chapman brought it.

"Fill it with water."

Jackson reached a caraffe of water from the sideboard, and filled it.

"Now," continued the creole, "watch!"

Latour breathed on the liquid; gradually, very gradually, it changed color, it became a straw.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cranley, "well, I never!"

"Once more," proceeded Latour.

Again he breathed on it; the color deepened and deepened, until it was a purple.

"Mr. Latour," cried Miss Minkin, "my very hair stands on end!"

Latour passed his hand over the glass, and the contents changed instantly to a brilliant red.

"Do you believe in my magic art now?" inquired Latour.

"I declare, Mr. Latour," pronounced Mr. Chapman, "if you aint a regular wizard!"

"I have the gift of prophecy, too," repeated the creole; looking sternly at Chapman; "and could, if I were so minded, foretell your fate."

"Oh! what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Cranley.

Latour shook his head very solemnly, while Chapman looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"Ah!" sighed Latour, in affected pity; "poor Mr. Chapman!"

None could avoid a smile at the ludicrous distress exhibited by the butler in contemplation of the unknown fate thus gravely hinted. The creole himself took pity over his dismay.

"I joked, only, Mr. Chapman," he explained. "Your future will be a path of flowers, which you will not tread alone."

He accompanied these last words with a meaning look at Miss Minkin.

"But you do not joke, Mr. Latour," inquired Miss Jackson, "when you say that my young missis wont be married to the Capting?"

"Joke!" returned Latour, "joke about her? Ah, me! As I loved the mother, so I love the child."

"What made the family so fond of you?" asked Mr. Chapman.

"Because once," replied Latour, "I saved Miss Lucy's life."

"Lor', Mr. Latour!" exclaimed Miss Minkin, "how?"

Latour seemed to take pleasure in the recollection.

"She was a child—a lovely, wayward child. She and I, through the glorious hues of evening, would wander under the arching woods and tangled thickets of her native land. The flowers are richer there—the colors brighter—their odors rarer than in this cold spot. But all this beauty, gorgeous as it is, is dimmed by one fact."

"Whatever is it, Mr. Latour?"

"That there are wild animals in the forests, and lovely, though poisonous, snakes gliding through the long deep grass."

"Oh!" exclaimed Chapman, making a wry face, "the nasty beastes!"

"In the tropics, long lines of plants hang from the tall branches of the lofty trees. The child Lucy was lying on the grass, decked with a crown of magnolias which her childish hands had fashioned. She seemed so intensely lovely, that I lost myself in her contemplation. I thought she was some angelic figure, such as are alone shrined in the purest dreams. I was gazing in a mist, as it were, when through this mist I saw, glancing along, a large snake. Ere I could speak it had reared itself above her, the poison barb darting from its tongue."

"Deary, deary me!" ejaculated the intensely-interested Miss Jackson.

"Moment of horror! I instantly called to Lucy not to move or stir. A hasty action on her part, and the horrible thing would strike; the slightest movement on my part, the same result might follow. I uttered a peculiar cry known only to the initiated. The serpent turned its flat and slimy head. Its dull cold eye caught my gaze. It staid. I knew then there was hope, for while my eye held it, Lucy was safe. I then, without for an instant removing my gaze, felt in my pocket and found my knife."

"To kill it, I suppose?" suggested Chapman.

"Kill it?" returned Latour. "There were yards between us, and ere I could have advanced half a dozen steps the serpent would have struck, and its poison permeated the veins of its victim."

"Then what did you want with your knife, Mr. Latour?" asked Miss Jackson.

"And however did you preserve Miss Lucy, Mr. Latour?" inquired Miss Minkin.

"I will reply to the last question first. It was by music."

"Music?" they exclaimed simultaneously.

"Music—and in this way. Still fixing my eye steadily on those of the reptile, I stooped and grasped the hollow stalk of a creeping plant; this, with my knife, I severed. In a few moments I had fashioned this into a whistle. I then commenced to play a certain wild air, in a quaint measure, which the serpents love."

"You are joking!" ejaculated Chapman.

"I smile not now, by heaven!" retorted Latour. "For an instant I thought I had failed. The serpent, at first attentive, swept its flat, horrible head round once more, and looked down on the child. My heart sank within me; and warm beads of perspiration coursed down my face. I renewed the effort, adding to it a peculiar beat of the foot, which I had been told the serpent-charmers use; I almost forsook the reed to scream with delight as I watched the reptile glide away from the child, and, tranced by the melody, follow me. I led it away, and her little life was saved."

"But what came o' the snake, Mr. Latour?"

"It followed me through the forest; and when I was thoroughly sure that Miss Lucy there was quite safe, I caught up a stake, advanced towards, and slew it."

The occupants of the steward's room had flattered Latour with breathless attention.

"I declare, you do tell such awful stories! Poor Miss Lucy! And she won't be married to the Capting!"

"I would rather," muttered Latour to himself, "that the snake had crushed her in its folds! No, no," he continued, in a louder tone; "he will not marry her. I would strike him dead, rather, at the very door of the church!"

Latour pronounced these words with such intensity of passion that his hearers were awe-struck.

"Well, now, really, Mr. Latour," said Miss Jackson, who was the first to recover her speech, "I do believe you would."

"Believe it!" returned Lateur, with a determined smile; "you may believe—yes. 'Tis your mistress," he continued to Miss Jackson, as the bell sounded. "Attend to her summons."

"Well, I never!" whispered Miss Jackson, as she hurriedly left the steward's room, and Latour sunk once more into a chair.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEAD—THE OPERA—THE RIVALS—THE TROTH THAT WAS PLIGHTED—THE THREATENED REVELATION—THE SACRIFICE.

When Lucy Marsden woke from her death-like trance, she found herself surrounded by eager servants, who, under the direction of her chaperone, the Countess of Walsoken, were applying restoratives in the most liberal manner.

"My child! my dear child!" exclaimed the Countess. "Ah! you wake at last. I have sent for the physician—I——"

The faculties of Lucy once roused, became clear on the instant

"I thank your ladyship," she feebly said; "but I feel too well to need the assistance of medicine. It was a sudden faintness—merely the excitement of the day—the heat of the evening."

"The dear Captain was hardly less affected than yourself."

"Where is he?" inquired Lucy.

"I left him at the table," returned the Countess. "He is, or was, going to the Opera."

"Where he said, Miss, you were to join him."

"Dear me, Jackson!" interrupted the Countess; "how terrible coarse you are! You should say that, 'Captain Bernard left his compliments, and would feel honored by meeting Miss Marsden at the Opera this evening.'"

"Excuse me, my lady," replied Jackson; "but he didn't speak like that at all. 'Tell her,' he said, 'to meet me there, at eleven, or——'"

"Or what?"

"That is exactly what I asked, my lady; but the Captain only answered, 'My message, as I send it.'"

The girl imitated the manner of the Captain so exactly, that Lucy had no doubt of the truth of the expression.

"My dear Countess!" exclaimed Lucy; "might I for a few minutes be alone—the solitude will revive me?"

The slightest hint of Lucy was unchangeable law to the Countess.

"Alone? Of course, my child; but if you require assistance, touch the bell only, and we will be with you on the instant."

And with a charming smile, the Countess and the servant arranged the pillows on the couch, and left Lucy to herself. The instant they were away, she rose, and with rapid step paced the boudoir. Suddenly she caught the reflection of herself in one of the tall glasses and stopped.

"Lucy Marsden," she muttered, addressing her resemblance, "what a fragile, wretched girl you are! You were born to station, which most strive for—to wealth, which most covet! Yet the station and wealth are as curses on your soul! To your heart came the love of an honest man which to others brings peace and happiness! To you it has been bitter wormwood and unchanging gall! You gaze upon an adorer whom you can never claim; to him you stretch out your arms which may never twine within his own. And, co-existent with this ardent love, there is an intense hate mated with an abject fear. And the man you thus despise, and from whom every atom of your being recoils, has asked you to become his wife! And this request he has at last transformed into a threat! Can you, Lucy Marsden, in the spring of your young life, submit to such a sacrifice? Never! Better loneliness in the unpitying world, or beggary in its teeming streets!"

She paced the room once.

To-night Bernard would reveal—to-night! She would not go away. She would not, even by taking her jewels, provide against future want. She would work, if she were permitted, for a crust to feed her in the future; but here, amid the blaze of splendor, she would wait the end. Armed with this resolution, she sat down, drooped her eyelids, rested her aching head on her trembling hand, and as children close their eyes and fancy bright stars in the darkness, so she, in the dimness, beheld one object. That object was her dead mother's form!

Her form as she saw her last, when she wrapped the shawl around her head, and passed through the portal of the mansion into the chill, desolate night which hung over Marsden Grange. But the features wore a look at once so tender and so imploring, that Lucy, trembling to regard them, instantaneously opened her eyes once more. Her heart pulsed thick and fast with the memory of her dead mother. Her resolution was swiftly changing—changing to the determination of sacrificing every selfish feeling to the fulfillment of a duty. Then she remembered Athol.

Could she wear Bernard's name—be always in his horrible presence, his cold, harsh, haunting voice forever in her ear—and Athol, though seas divided them, shrined within her soul, hallowed within her thoughts? 'Twould be torture too exquisite to bear. Never!

At the Opera! The evening had worn swiftly; it was now approaching nine; she would try once more—another wild, passionate appeal. If that failed, then—then come the worst! She touched the bell.

"Are you better, my dear, delicate child?" inquired the Countess, who was soon followed by Jackson, the maid.

"So much better," returned Lucy, "that I have rung for Jackson to dress me. I wish to go to the Opera."

"The carriage shall be ready immediately," replied the accommodating Countess. "That stupid John Fitz-John, he will be delighted to go with us!"

The Countess directly left to give the necessary orders. An awful quietude, the portent of the approaching issue, permeated Lucy Marsden. Her maids encased her fair form in the delicate lace, clasped the jewelled bracelets on her arms and wove the rich pearls in her sunny brown hair. But her thought was Hugh Bernard, who, with his stony heart and steady eyes, was waiting for her at the Opera.

Insensibly, almost, she was attired—insensibly visited the drawing-room, unheeding the vapid nonsense of John Fitz-John, which mingled with the affected sympathy of the Countess.

She did not entirely wake to consciousness until she found herself in the magnificent arena of Covent Garden; the opera was the "Huguenots." The house was crowded—high up in the gallery rose tier after tier of eager faces, the entranced people hanging on the melody distilled from the honeyed lip of Mario, and the swelling throat of Grisi, the Italian Queen of Song. In the pit beneath were musical amateurs, who followed each phase with acute, critical ear. With these two classes the Opera was a temple of high art. But on the cushioned stalls, and in the ample boxes, lounged the wealthy *habitues*. With these the Opera was a temple of idle fashion. Hush! The pure voice of the tenor, and the gushing notes of the unhappy Valentine, mingling in that glorious duet, which, following the benediction of the poignards, terminates the third act. Not a sound but the energetic singing of the vocalists! Then a stir—a murmur—and the attention of the whole of the vast audience, diverted from the stage, is directed to one spot. The great Italian singers themselves pause for a moment in their friendly war of song. The baton of their leader for an instant haltung, the eyes of the numerous artists who compose the band follow those of the vocalists and the audience; the cause of the unwonted excitement was a single face; but a face so divinely beautiful in its every feature, and over which a sympathetic expression hung like a cloud of Paradise, that, seen once, it was imbedded in the gazer's memory for evermore. 'Twas Lucy Marsden. Soon as she entered, discarding the seat proferred to her by the Honorable John Fitz-John, she advanced to the very centre of the box. Her countenance, lovely as it was, was rendered still more beautiful by a refined sorrow that seemed to sanctify it; those eyes—their brilliance even heightened by a liquid veil of dew—roamed over the house, seat by seat, box by box. But he was not there; then, with a gentle sigh, as of a summer breeze over a violet bank, she sat down; the great duet, suggested to the composer after the completion of the work, terminating, the act-drop descended, and the usual visits begun.

"Mith Mathden ith very dull to-night!" commenced the Honorable John Fitz-John.

Lucy roused herself, as a mother conquers her fever to speak tenderly to her child.

"Oh, John," replied the Countess of Walsoken, "you are so facetious!"

"Well," laughed the Honorable, "I do thay theme deuthed good thingth, but ath poor dear Lady Coningthby uthed to pronounth, I am tho deliththeously clever!"

There was a tap at the box-door, and one of the attendants handed in a card to Lucy—on the card a few strokes of a pencil.

There it was, however, in miniature—the glade in Marsden Grange, the opening in the trees above, the rustic bridge seen through the branches.

Athol Clement, then, was in the house.

"Won't you take an ith, Mith Marthden?"

"Don't trouble the dear child," exclaimed the Countess; "she is indisposed."

Lucy heard him not—saw him not, her eyes still wandered over the house in search of Hugh Bernard; they lighted on Athol, who was gazing on her humbly, reverently, as a pilgrim regards a shrine. She averted her look.

"Take a thrawberry—one thrawberry. Thrawberreyth are thush ecthellent thingth when you are indithpotht!"

Merely to get rid of him, Lucy assented. The Honorable John Fith-John left the box.

Still Lucy's eyes roamed uselessly about the large house for Hugh Bernard, then, having in her abstraction heard nothing, she felt his presence by her side. Knowing, by a kind of intuition, that he whom she sought so eagerly was there, yet she dreaded the sound of his insensate voice; he spared her his accents; he only touched her on her jewelled wrist. Lowering her eyes, aware that he was beside her, she raised them slowly till they lit upon his watch.

The watch he had taken from his pocket, that she, visibly might know the near approach of the hour he had appointed. It was twenty-five minutes past ten; Lucy recoiled and shuddered; and as she recoiled and shuddered, she met the eyes of Athol Clement. By her side, the man who would sacrifice life and fortune to be her tormentor; before her gaze the man who would sell his soul to be her deliverer.

The emotion almost choked her—she must close her eyes—shut out this vision from her heart; but then there arose another vision—as in the darkness in her boudoir, so in the darkness among the myriad lights of the Opera. An appearance so near to truth as to assume all the attributes of actual realization—the appearance of her mother. Her form, as she saw it last, when she wrapped the shawl around her head, and passed through the portal of the mansion into the chill, desolate night, which hung over Marsden Grange; and as this distinct resemblance of her mother conquered then, so was it vigorous now.

"Take!" exclaimed the Honorable John, entering the box; "one thrawberry! One is ecthellent, where two might be injudithouth!"

Lucy took the strawberry, and the last act of the German composer's work begun. There it was, heightened by the weird strains of his magic music; the love, the passion, the enthusiasm, the destruction, and the death. What to her was the music, the passion, and the death? For the vision of her mother was superior to all.

It was over—the curtain descended, and it was over—the audience rose, whispering criticisms and idle compliments till they were ready to depart. Once more Bernard showed his watch; it was three minutes to eleven. Hurriedly Lucy siezed his arm, and half dragged him into the lobby.

"Anything!" she cried—"anything, Hugh Bernard, but such a sacrifice!"

"Sacrifice!" he returned, in a hissing whisper—"sacrifice! Have you eyes? The daughters of blue blood gaze on me; their mothers would make them mine. Why? Because they believe that I am a magician, to extort wealth from the barren bosom of the unwilling earth. I turn from them to look to you, and you—you term it a sacrifice!"

"Alas, they know you not!"

"Tush!" smiled Bernard—"tush! How many of the great, who swear their troth before the altar, know the true characters of those to whom they dedicate their lives? Mammon pays the dowery to birth. The time passes!" he exclaimed, between his teeth—"the audience is departing! Your answer—yes or no?"

Lucy was bewildered. On her ear there struck a cry—a low whispered cry, pronouncing her name; it was Athol, at the end of the lobby; her resolve was taken.

"No!" she pronounced distinctly—no!"

Hugh Bernard uttered a sound—he bowed his head, and left. He was careful to avoid the least exhibition of his emotion; yet, so powerful was it, that he dare not trust his features, which he concealed within his hat. He passed Athol—passed through the magnificent crowd, down the broad staircase into the tile-paved hall, where the audience awaited their carriage; he glanced up the staircase; there was no sign of Lucy; the hour of revelation, then, had come!

"My ladies, and you, noble lords," he loudly cried, "hear me as I speak. You have conferred on me a reputation for eccentricity, and you will not therefore marvel that I should have selected this spot to gratify your natural curiosity with reference to Lucy Marsden and myself."

The crowd pressed forward, dowagers striving with the younger scions. The *blase* men about town mingled with the crowd, catching eagerly every word that fell from the marble lips of Hugh Bernard.

"Why I choose to speak this," he continued, "is between myself and my own conscience. I promise you, however, that you shall gain by the disclosure. 'Twill furnish food for scandalous discussion—no slight boon to those who for ever tread the same weary round."

"Luthy Marthden!" exclaimed John Fitz-John; "oh, do tell uth!"

"You will congratulate yourself, perhaps, that you laid not your aristocratic self at her feet. Listen, then!"

There was a dead silence. The servants, powdered and great-coated, seemed possessed by the same curiosity as their employers.

"Know," proceeded Hugh, "that Lucy Marsden—so rich—so generous—so tender to the suffering and the poor——"

He pronounced these words in a tone of the most scornful sarcasm.

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Athol Clement, as he rushed into the group. "If you are indeed the master of her fate, be generous—be merciful."

"I am insensible," continued Hugh, "to even the ardent pleading of a lover. This young girl, whom you, the noble and the wealthy, have welcomed in your exclusive circles—this young girl is——"

A wild scream, a rapid movement among the crowd, and Lucy was by his side.

"Hugh!" she cried.

"She is here!" exclaimed Bernard, spite of himself, growing excited with his own speech,—"here to affirm or to repudiate!"

Lucy's color forsook her face, which became the hue of death. She was still, too, as a marble statue.

"This young girl, proceeded Bernard, "whose wealth is boundless, whose charities are public gossip, is——"

Calmly and decisively Lucy placed her hands in those of Bernard, and spoke. Through the crowd there ran an electric convulsion of surprise. Bernard coolly replaced her shawl over her shoulders, and led her through the throng into her carriage. What were the few words that could work so great a change, and make the threatened revelation die on Bernard's lip? To the grief of Athol—to the astonishment of all—Lucy Marsden had sacrificed herself, and at the last moment promised to become the wife of Captain Hugh Barnard!

Thus, at the last moment, as he had triumphed over the mother, so, at the last moment, he was victorious over the child.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then over all, thick, padded furs, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So

...roat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or ...digestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm wool... ...drawers, two pairs of warm woollen stockings, and ...ick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the ...ount of dress about your body, and you will obtain ...e same relief permanently that you would derive ...mporarily from a warm foot bath."

"I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rub... ...r cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the ...ttoms of our feet dry and warm."—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

THE ICY PRISON.

A Story of Northern Waters.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"LIGHT O!" cried Bill Bowline, the harpooner of the Firefly's larboard bow, as the thick mist which had obscured the waters of the Ochotsk Sea began to break and roll away before the beams of the morning sun, "Light O!" and as the speaker seated himself upon his ...wart, placed his hand upon his oar, and looked inquiringly at old Marblehead, the chief mate who occupied the stern sheets.

The boat had been lowered for a whale hunt before daylight, but her crew had not pulled more than two leagues when they were overtaken by a fog, which compelled them to "lie to;" and this inactivity, in the midst of a chilly atmosphere and a cold, drizzling rain, had rendered their situation so uncomfortable that they all felt eager for a little exercise at the oars.

The inquiring glance of the harpooner was, therefore, easy enough to translate.

But old Marblehead, whose tough, rhinoceroslike hide seemed impervious to bad weather, smiled grimly and replied:

"Not yet, Bill. Jump up first and look around you. You have a pair of sharp eyes, and there ought to be whales in that ice field ahead."

Bowline sprang lightly to his feet, leaped upon the boat's bow, and, shading his eyes from the sun, threw many piercing glances around him.

"D'ye see anything?"

"No, sir," responded the harpooner; "nothing except a boat off the lee bow, which seems to be coming our way."

"Pull ahead, then," said Marblehead; "perhaps it is one of our boats wanting to speak us."

The order was obeyed with alacrity, and the bow of the light craft clove the water with such rapidity that in a few moments the voice of the mate was again heard, ordering his crew to "lie."

Turning at the same instant, they saw the other boat lying a few fathoms ahead. Her crew had a foreign aspect, and he who held the steering oar bowed politely and touched his hat.

"*Comment vous portez-vous, monsieur?*" said he. "*Il fait une superbe matinee.*"

"What does he mean, Bill, d'ye know?" inquired Marblehead, turning to his boatsteerer. "He says 'commy' and 'portey.' D——n me if I don't think he's telling me to port and—"

"No, no!" interrupted Bowline, who had been several years of his life in France. "He said 'How do you do, sir? It is a beautiful morning.'"

"Oh! Aye, aye! I am very well, thank ye," cried Marblehead, looking towards the Frenchman with an awkward bow; "and," he immediately added, "if you can't speak English you'll have to talk to Bill Bowline; for although I'm pretty well varsed in the New Zealand and other cannibal tongues, d——n me if I can understand a word of such infernal lingo as yours!"

As the French officer was unable to comprehend this speech, delivered with great gusto from a mouth that never failed to carry a large cargo of the Virginia weed, the harpooner translated it for him, taking care, however, to modify such parts of it as might have been deemed objectionable.

He had scarcely concluded when a shrill whisper from Marblehead penetrated his ears like a knife.

"Down to your oar, there, Bowline! Pull ahead, every mother's son of you! I see a whale spout in the ice!"

An exclamation from the French boatsteerer, nearly at the same instant, proclaimed that he, too, saw the spout, and the oars of both boats struck the water simultaneously.

"Now, then, lads!" gritted Marblehead through his teeth, "what d'ye say? Shall we let Johnny Crapeau go ahead of us? Wake up, my shellbacks! Long and strong, my hearts of whalebone. Split her! Split her! Crack her! Rip her! Any way to go ahead of the Crapeau!"

And as in this eloquent strain the mate continued to encourage his crew, he moved his body to and fro, keeping time with the strokes and pushing vigorously against the oar of the sailor who occupied the after thwart.

The men behaved well, and in a short time the French boat, notwithstanding the frantic exertions of its occupants, was left many fathoms behind, while that of the Firefly was close upon the outer edge of the ice field Marblehead directed it into a narrow passage, and after proceeding a short distance with paddles, he gave the order to lie. Accordingly the crew became silent and motionless, awaiting with breathless interest the re-appearance of the whale.

In a few moments the Frenchman had also gained the ice, and taking a passage a little to the left of the one chosen by the old mate, he kept his paddles at work until he was ten or eleven fathoms ahead of him, when he, too, ordered his men to stop their exertions.

"Blast him!" muttered Marblehead; "he and his infernal crew make noise enough to 'gally' (frighten) all the whales in——"

He paused suddenly, and his gaze became fixed upon an open space in the ice between the two boats, but nearest to that of the Frenchman. A number of little eddies which would scarcely have been remarked by a whaleman less experienced than the mate, disturbed the water at this particular spot. Bowline followed the direction of his superior's glance, and then the eyes of the two men met with a significant expression.

"Away ye go, Bill!" whispered Marblehead. "Away ye go! It's our only chance, for it would be almost an hour's job to get the boat to that little pond through these blocks and pyramids of ice. But if ye can once strike the whale, I think we'll be carried through safe enough!"

Bowline waited to hear no more, but grasping his irons sprang out of the boat, and made his way as fast as he could in the direction of the open space of water alluded to.

Fortunately the glances of the Frenchmen were turned upon another quarter, so that they did not see him until he was within six fathoms of the little lake. Their attention was then drawn to this point by the loud rippling of the water, and the next moment they uttered exclamations of surprise and disappointment as the huge body of a bull whale, half covered with barnacles, rolled up from the waves. The heaving of the ice was now so violent that Bowline nearly lost his balance, and he found it impossible to maintain a steady position.

"Dart blast ye, Bill Bowline, dart!" screamed Marblehead; and even as the words passed his lips the two irons of the gallant harpooner were buried, one after the other, in the monster's body!"

Instead of sounding, however, the gigantic animal, smarting with the pain caused by the barbed steel fastened in his rough, rocklike hump, "breached" nearly his full length out of the water and came down with the din of twenty thunderbolts, shivering the ice into thousands of fragments! Then poising in high air for a few seconds his tremendous flukes, he dived into the green chambers of the sea!

Away went the boat with the speed of a whirlwind, until, striking against one of the floating bergs, it was broken into many pieces. The crew scrambled upon the ice with the activity of experienced seamen, and thus saved themselves from getting entangled in the overturned tubs of running line.

"D——n it!" cried Marblehead, smiting his breast with his clenched fist. "Lost, lost! A good hundred barrels of oil!"

"Aye, aye, sir! and poor Bowline, too!" exclaimed the bow oarsman. "He disappeared like a shot after the whale breathed."

"He was a brave lad!" replied the mate, "and I feel sorry for him. He was the best boatsteerer in the ship."

"Aye, aye, sir, that he was, poor Bill!" added the boatswain; "and I'm a thinkin' that his death will be a sad blow for his aged mother and the blue-eyed lass who are watchin' and waitin' for him in old Manchester."

The mate was about to reply when his attention was drawn to the French boat, the keel of which now grated against the ice cake occupied by the little party. The officer, in broken English, made them understand that he and his crew would be happy to take them to their vessel. Marblehead accepted the offer with rough but hearty thanks, and the united exertions of his own men and the other crew soon forced the boat into clear water; but just as it was headed for the Firefly, which could be seen in the distance coming down under whole topsails, the old mate, whose eyes had been for some time fixed keenly upon one of the floating drifts astern, sprang to his feet with a loud and joyful cry.

"Bill Bowline, by ——!" and in the excitement of the moment he snatched the steering oar from the grasp of the Frenchman, and with three or four vigorous motions whirled the boat's head around towards the ice.

All hands sprang to their feet, and following the direction of his eyes, saw plainly enough a man seated upon one of the bergs waving a handkerchief.

"Down to your oars!" thundered the mate, "and pull ahead, aye, pull like tigers, every mother's son of you!"

The men obeyed with a cheer, and the boat shot through the water like a rocket. A quarter of an hour afterwards her keel struck the iceberg, and Bowline leaped to the bow to receive the hearty congratulations of his shipmates. Explanations soon followed.

"When the whale breached," said the young boatsteerer, "I dove into the water to avoid him, and swam a short distance under the surface so as to get clear of the line. When I came up I found myself inside of an ice chamber, a perfect little chamber, formed by blocks of ice! As my limbs were pretty well cramped, d'ye see, I thought it would be better to put up with my lodging until I could bore my way out through the top, than to go out through the watery passage in the bottom by which I had entered. Well, mates, I succeeded in getting a good foothold, and then I went to work with a will; and after a great deal of exertion, during which I also kept up a continual shouting in the vain hope of making myself heard, I managed to get out of my prison, and to seat myself on the roof, where, as you have already seen, I was soon perceived by our vigilant mate."

We have but little more to add.

In the course of an hour Marblehead and his crew, together with his companions, were on the quarter deck of the Firefly discussing their late adventure over a few bottles of good Holland gin that had been "fished up" by the mate from the bottom of his chest.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

AN ARMY CORRESPONDENT, near Weldon Railroad, Va.—We are in receipt of funds for a "Dime Chess Instructor;" but have mislaid the address. Will our correspondent renew the address?

JACOB ELSON, Memphis, Tenn.—Accept thanks for contents of last letter. They shall be used at the earliest moment space will admit. The "*Carte*" and the *naive* description are charming.

GEO. H. CARPENTER, Tarrytown.—Bravo! If that 42-pounder don't make him put on his "thinking-cap," we'll lose our guess. Will forward for him to digest. You are of the right sort, evidently. Here is T. M. B's solution of Prob. No. 441:—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Kt to R 8 +	Kt covers	7..Kt to Q 5 +	K to R 5
2..Q × Kt +	K × B (a)	8..R-Q 4 +	K-Kt 6
3..Kt-Kt sq +	K-Kt 6	9..Q-Kt 4	K-B 7
4..R-R 8 +	P × R	10..Kt-K 3 +	K moves (b)
5..R-Q 3 +	K-R 5	11..Q-Kt 2 +	P × Q mate
6..Kt-B 3 +	K-Kt 6	(b) or 10..R × Kt	

(a) If K move, he can be made to mate in *six* more moves.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—You've got another "feller" after you now. G. E. C. hurls a 42-pounder at your devoted head; but whether a solid shot or shell we don't vouch; tell us what you think of it.....Last batch to hand—bully! Shall be noticed more at length. Get our letter?

CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA.—A tournament has just been concluded at West Philadelphia, in which the first prize, a handsome set of chess-men, was borne off by Frank Wells, Esq.....The one-game handicap tourney in the Philadelphia C. C., is progressing with great and increasing interest.....The Philadelphians have recently enjoyed a very gratifying visit from Frederick Perrin, Esq., the veteran President of the Brooklyn C. C.

Enigma No. 454.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

BY N. C. REID, M. D.

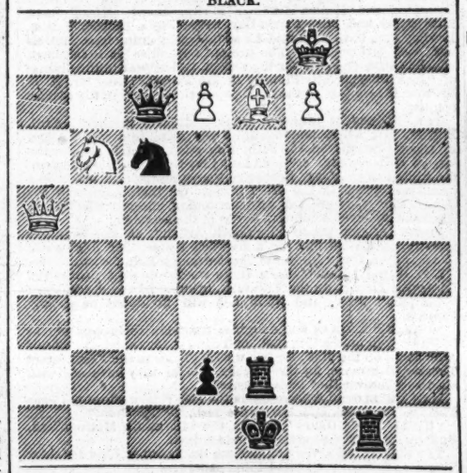
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 454.

Arranged from actual play for Students.

BY A. Z. HIGGINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 454.

Between our contributor, H. A. B., of Detroit, and another of D.'s best players.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Amateur.	Defence, H. A. B.	Attack, Amateur.	Defence, H. A. B.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..K Kt to his 5	Q to K B 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..K Kt × B	B P × Kt
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14..Q-K R 5 +	K-Q 2
4..Castles	K Kt-B 3 (a)	15..K R-Q sq	Q × Kt 2d P
5..P-Q Kt 4	K B × P	16..P-R Kt 3	K B-Kt 3
6..P-Q B 3	K B-R 4	17..Q Kt-Q 2	Q R-K B sq
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	18..B P × P	K-Q B sq
8..P-K 5	P-Q 4	19..Q Kt × P	Q-K B 3 (c)
9..K P × Kt (b)	Q P × B	20..Q B-R 6	Q-K B 3
10..B 2d P × P	K R-Kt sq	21..Q-K 2 (d)	Q Kt × P
11..K R-K sq +	Q B-K 3	22..Q-her Kt 2	Kt-B 6 +, and the Defence, doubtless, wins by force.

(a) P to Q 3d is better; this move allows an enterprising adversary to graft an "Evans" upon his "Piano Game," under the favorable circumstance of having the position of this Kt committed before setting up the gambit.

(b) A mere effort of memory should have told the Attack that an assault on this line "only returns to plague the inventor."

(c) Inserted merely to carry on the game. The whole 19th move is a conjecture—something being omitted by our contributor. Even with this, what follows the 23d move was unintelligible. The opening is, negatively, a good lesson for beginners.

(d) This abject retreat is virtually surrendering the game.

Fine little game in the late World's Congress, between the Rev G. A. McDonnell and Fred. Deacon.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Rev. Mr. McD.	Deacon.	Rev. Mr. McD.	Deacon.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	14..Q to K R 5	K B to K 2 (e)
2..K Kt-B 3	P-K 3	15..Q B-his 3	P-K Kt 3
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q R 3	16..Q-K R 3	Q B-Kt 2
4..P-Q R 4	Q Kt-B 3	17..Q R-K sq	Q R-K sq
5..P-Q 4	B P × P	18..Kt-K B 2 (k)	K B-his 3 *best*
6..K Kt × P	Q-her Kt 3	19..Q B - B	K R × B
7..K Kt × Kt	Kt P - Kt	20..Q Kt-Kt 4	K R-B sq
8..K B-Q 3	K B-B 4	21..K B Kt	Kt P × B
9..Castles	K Kt-K 2 (e)	22..Kt-R 6 + (l)	K-Kt 2
10..K-his R sq	Castles (f)	23..Q-Kt 3 +	K-his R sq
11..P-K B 4 (g)	P-B 4 *best*	24..Q-B 3 -	P-K 4
12..Q B-Q 2 (h)	B P P	25..Q R × P, and Mr. Deacon resigned.	
13..Kt × K 2d P	K Kt-B 4		

(e) Better was Q B to Kt 2d, then castle with Q R.

(f) 10..B × B P would provoke the formidable retort Q to K B 3d.

(g) A fine, open game; Defence proportionably cramped.

(h) He could safely leave Q Kt P *en prise*, as if Mr. D. took it he lost his Queen by R to Q Kt sq.

(i) We believe P to K Kt 3d, at once, to be better.

(k) An ingenious device, having in view Kt to Kt 4th, then B × Kt, and mate next move with Kt to B 6th.

(l) These last moves are all especially excellent, and this leads to a pretty mate.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

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To Correspondents.

E. M. HARDEN, Po. Weymouth, MASS.—Not a copy in market. We ordered all we could get from Scotland last winter, and disposed of as soon as arrived.

H. CASTLE, New York.—Will you call at the club rooms on next Wednesday P. M.?

NEMO, New Castle, Del.—Being pressed for time, we did not examine all the authorities as we should have done. We still think the game can be drawn, after 23 to 18 is played, which, Drummond says, loses.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Each player having made every available move that could be made for the first move by the men of each color (thirty-two games), then played in the next and last thirty games, once the first and once the second side, of the fifteen different openings as published in Anderson's second edition.

THE THIRTY-THIRD GAME OF THE MATCH.—WHITLER OPENING.—This GAME was played the same as the Sixteenth Game to the 23d move. Martin's varied by playing 22 to 17, 11 to 16, and the Game was drawn.

Game No. 35.—Vol. XII.

THIRTY FOURTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

SINGLE CORNER.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	24..30 to 26(c)	8 to 3
2..15 22	25 18	25..26 23	28 24
3..8 11	29 25	26..23 18	24 19
4..4 8	24 20	27..14 17	19 16
5..10 15	25 22	28..18 14	16 11
6..12 16	21 17	29..17 22	11 8
7..8 12	17 13	30..22 25	8 4
8..7 10	28 24	31..25 30	4 8
9..9 14	18 9	32..14 10	8 11
10..5 14	23 19	33..30 25	20 16
11..16 23	27 9	34..25 22	16 12
12..1 5	30(a) 25	35..22 18	12 8
13..5 14	25 21	36..18 14	8 4
14..14 18	22 17	37..14 9	4 8
15..18 22	26 23	38..10 14	8 12
16..3 7	32 28	39..9 5	12 8
17..22 25	17 14	40..5 1	8 12
18..10 17	21 14	41..14 10	8 8
19..15 18	14(b) 10	42..10 7	8 4
20..7 14	24 19	43..7 16	12 19
21..18 27	31 24	44..6 9	13 6
22..25 30	19 16	45..2 9,	
23..12 19	28 8	Drawn.	

(a) The variation. Drummond plays 32 to 28 and draws, or 26 to 23, and Black wins.

(b) A fine move, but compulsory.

(c) Drawn easily from this point.

Game No. 36.—Vol. XII.

From the Weekly News, Dundee, Scotland.

CROSS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	28 to 18	11.. 5 to 14	29 to 25
2.. 8 11	27 23	12..14 17(b)	21 14
3..11 16	18 11	13..10 17	25 21
4..16 20	(a)31 27	14..17 22	23 18
5.. 7 16	22 18	15..22 25	21 17
6..10 14	18 15	16..25 29	18 14
7.. 9 13	15 11	17..16 19	24 15
8.. 6 10	26 22	18.. 7 16	15 11
9.. 3 7	22 17	19.. 2 6	28 24
10..21 22	25 9	White wins.	

(a) A move not down in the books.

(b) The losing move. 1 to 6 would draw the game.

Solution of Position No. 28. Vol. XII.

BY A. J. F.

Black moves. Black.	White.	White moves. White.	Black.
1..11 to 16	20 to 11	1..22 to 17	18 to 22
2..14 17	21 14	2..19 16	12 19
3..18 17	22 13	3..20 16	21 20
4..1 5	31 22	4..32 28	2 11
5..6 10	15 6	5..27 23	18 27
6..6 31	22 15	6..26 2	11 18
7..2 2, and wins.		7..31 31, and wins.	

Solution of Drummond's 37th Position.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..28 to 24	29 to 30	4.. 6 to 10	5 to 9
2.. 6 2	8 11	5..10 3	5 14
3.. 2 6	30 26	6.. 3 7, and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.	White—J. McG.
6..7 10	25 22
7..4 8	

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.	White—J. McI.
4..9 13	27 23
5..6 9	23 18

Position No. 29, Vol. XII.

BY JAMES WYLIE.

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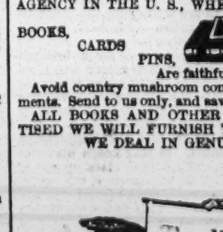

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

The 38th Position OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

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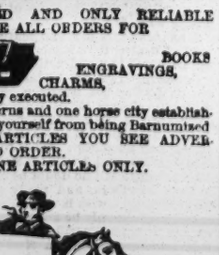

WHITE.

White to move and win.

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Notice.

All communications, correspondence, etc., intended for this or any other department of the New York Clipper, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

Frank Queen,
Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper.

City Summary.

Monday, Nov. 14, '64.

Abe's "it." Out-door amusements have been quite lively since our last, the week's biz. resulting in Little Abe being coerced once more into the big cheer, and deciding that he shall be "it" again for another four years. George was forced to carry too much weight in the Presidential race, and ever since the weights were declared at Chicago, his best friends foresaw that he could not go the distance with such a heavy load tacked on to him, and with such a bad lot of horses for his stable companions. With regular weights, and a good, sound nag to help him do the running, George would have given Abe a right smart shake up. As it was, the jockeys at Chicago put an uncertain and an un-useless man alongside of Georgy, and sent a drove of played-out chaps to work him up, and they *did* work him up with a vengeance. This reminds us of a tip-top conundrum we invented in case Lincoln was "it" again; we had made one just as good in case McClellan got in. Here's the brilliant puzzle:—Why did ye professional rail splitter beat ye bold soldier boy? Because he was Abe L. This untoward production is not the work of a moment; on the contrary it has taken years of deep study to work out this intricate problem in political economy. The people of this city, without distinction of party, were all jubilant on the night of the election. We are so apt to look upon New York as the entire nation, that when the returns counted upwards of thirty thousand majority in the metropolis for George, we took it for granted that he was our next President, and that there was nothing more to do but the shouting, and this we attended to with a will. The other fellers which *didn't* vote for George, actually had the effrontery to get together and cheer some meagre returns, favorable to *their* side, received from some of the "provincial towns," as if such things could in any way affect the big majority given by the great city of New York for Georgy. It made us mad to witness such simplicity. Congregations of youthful sinners paraded the streets during the night, vainly inquiring "Do they miss me at home?" interrogating the belated traveler as to "Who would care for mother now?" and putting other questions of the kind, of the purport or importance of which the traveling public seemed to have not the slightest idea. Others insisted on all drinking stone blind, and shouting the battle cry of freedom. There were not a few who resolutely and persistently asseverated their disinclination to go home till morning, and were so decided that they even named daylight as the exact time fixed upon for their return to the parental roof. Some of the "other fellers" seemed to be anxious to inform the public that the body of one John Brown was mouldering in the tomb while they went marching round. We could not perceive that the people evinced any decided interest in the matter, for the most of them retained quiet possession of their pallets of straw or got down on their beds of down. But the end came, the dawn of day dispelled the evening's gloom, victor and vanquished again fraternised as all good patriots should do, and New York was herself again, "betrayed but not dismayed," as the politician men say. We propose to compose two verses of poetry in honor of the two gentlemen who ran the race:—

There was a young man of Illinois,
Whom the folks called one of the boboys,
He was seven feet even, or six feet seven,
Was this wonderful man of Illinois.
He was backed in a match with one Mac,
For a race on the Washington track,
The stake so immense, in dollars and cents,
I'll win, says the man of Illinois.

There was a young man of New Jersey,
Who to his "friends" cried out, "have mercy,"
"I don't care a damn," says one Vallandigham,
"For this wonderful man of New Jersey.
We'll run him a race with old Lincoln,
And *we'll* do the training, I'm thinkin';"
So they weighted him down, from his feet to his crown,
And they *beat* this young man from New Jersey.

.....The theatres suffered *some*, for the political drama absorbed general interest. The women folks cursed politics and politicians, for did not the election deprive them of the society and attention and other perquisites of the free and enlightened voters? Eh? Didn't they have to pass the silent watches of the night, desolate and lone, without the cheering influence of oyster suppers, coffee and cakes, and whiskey punches? Yes? But soon with the angels we'll be marching again, with bright ginghams on our arms, for our country we've been voting, we will care for women now. We think good times will come again—the theatres will be crowded, show shops "filled from pit to dome," and everything continue more or less inflated until Jeff shall lie down with Abe, and be lulled to sleep, with little stories, or have hot lead poured into his unwilling ear, and other accessible portions of his human system. Already business shows an upward tendency; thousands who have been holding off until after the Presidential election, are on the move; show people are leaving the metropolis for pastures new in greener fields than New York; the holidays are coming, the menagerie is coming, and probably old Abe is coming for "nine hundred thousand more." Everything looks bright, and will look brighter still when old Jeff hangs high. In the expressive language of our German friends, *Er can nicht davon commen.* [He cannot get out of it.—Ed.]

There be sights in this town that would laugh a Richmond siege to scorn could the siege get a sight of them. Prominent among these metropolitan attractions may be mentioned Artemus Ward and his Painted Pictures. Some ignorant and uneducated people have started the rumor that our Ward is the London Ward, the great painter. Impecunious friends, this is a fallacy, a delusion and a snare. *Our* Ward is A. Ward of another color. He is a gentleman who has traversed the ocean and crossed the wild plain, and during all his perilous adventures he never so much as lost his self-possession, although surrounded by pilferers, incorrigible thieves, and lawless banditti. This man, who has lectured before Mormons, Injins and Quakers, now faces nightly a hardier set than ever met the gaze of mortal man on the green hills of Tyrol or the fertile plains of Marathon. At Dodworth Hall, in Broadway, in close proximity to Grace Church, but which may be distinguished from the latter edifice by the illuminated sign in front, of "Yoors trooly, A. Ward," may be seen this figger-ative speaker and his colored illustrations. He speaks with vim; his language in reference to his escape from the pursuing Indians is chaste and lucid; his remarks are terse and pointed, and his pictures are painted with an eye single, as Fernandy once said, to their beauty and truthfulness. If there are any doubters among our prolific readers, let them see Ward, and judge for themselves. End of "first rate notice" for the great showman.

The chirping of the merry little Maggie Mitchell is still heard within those walls which surround the imaginary Niblo's Garden. "Fanchon, the Cricket," has entrenched itself firmly at Niblo's; and, with the comfortable little Margaret to lead the forces therein, promises to take captive, bushels of the compound interest bills. We have suffered a great deal in the enjoyment of the beauties of "Fanchon;" suffered because we have had to squeeze ourself into very close quarters in our futile efforts to secure a permanent footing for our physical structure. The fragile Maggie will repeat her Cricket play this week, and we have no doubt she will score a large innings.

Lander discovered the source of the Niger in the year 1830, but the source of the Nager will probably *never* be discovered, despite the strenuous efforts making by discoverers and explorers to ferret out the starting point of the colored persuasion. Well may the intelligent contraband exclaim—"Why does the white man follow my path," when it is so well known just now that *that* path leads but to the grave. "We have been led to these remarks," as a bruised and mangled pug once said, by the recollection of a visit we made to Wood's Minstrels, recently. While viewing the row of dark-complected gentlemen before us, we could not help remarking the air of nobility, gentility, and education by which they were seemingly governed. Under the management of one who has made the business a study, that congregation of black artists go along quietly and orderly; left to themselves, with every man his own master, and each ruling in his own peculiar style, what would become of this famed black band? Echo answers, it would. And now, friends, having clearly defined the position of Wood's troupe, set them before you in all their inky blackness, white collars, and diamond pins, let us advise you to go and see them act. Although only the mock turtle, they sing, dance, shout, and cut up didoes equal to any first-class "Nigger" that ever inhabited Afric's sunny or Virginy's muddy clime.

Why is a whole menagerie like a leopard? Because it sometimes changes its spots. Jes so, jes so. Van Amburgh's Menagerie, which has been changing its spots all summer, has at last gone into winter quarters, at the Chinese Rooms, Broadway, where the large collection of wild and ferocious beasts, birds and reptiles will be happy to see their friends and acquaintances until further notice. Noah is said to have had a *large* menagerie on board that double-decked ark of his, but we think they must have been docile, for the little picture-books represent them as walking quietly into the ark, two and two, without being tied up, druv, or otherwise *urged* forward. Now, Van Amburgh's show contains some animals that would never have gone into that ark, unless they were carried in; that's the difference between Noah's collection and Van Amburgh's. We made the acquaintance of the latter's beasts last winter, and beyond having a lot of water squirted on us by an ill-behaved elephant, and being scratched by a lion, merely because we attempted to shake hands with him through the bars, we found them all that they had been represented to be, and more too. The show opens this day, 14th, and fills up the heretofore only vacant spot in our city amusements.

Gen. Jackson, who would have hung the rebels on a sour apple tree as high as Haman, died on the 8th of June, 1845, and was thus prevented from carrying out his good intentions. This little sentence is only brought in here so as to draw the reader's attention to what is to follow, viz.: If you wish to see deviltry carried on in a gentlemanly and artistic manner; if you have any desire to witness the mysterious conjurations of a mysterious magician; if you have a taste for music, and would cultivate and encourage that taste; if you would enjoy a pleasant little parlor entertainment in the company of agreeable people, go to Heller's magic temple, and sup your fill of all; and if you do not come away a happier man or woman, or girl or boy, then call us a Benzine Gallot. We remember once—["There, that's long enough, the printers are waiting for copy." Our Jim said that, and ere we could remember what we were just about to remember, he seized the copy, and sent it whirling through the dummy faster than Sheridan sent Early through Winchester.—Ed.]

Did we tell you a story last week about John Owens and his apprentice? Yes. Then there's no need of our repeating it, is there? Owens hit 'em hard with his Shingle, at the Broadway, didn't he? For twelve weeks has he crowded that house as no man has crowded it since the palmy days of the elder Wallack, and for twelve long weeks has he nightly given us a bit of acting such as is seldom seen now-a-days. Nearly all the player people have managed to see him in the "People's Lawyer." Judges, editors, coffee and cake makers, men who go down to the sea in ships, and come back in 'em, have seen Owens and his Solon Shingle. Even a few dispensers of the gospel truth have felt it their duty to look in upon John at the Broadway, and he has done good even unto them.

Inside or out, Barnum's Museum is one great centre of attraction. Like Gen. Grant, Barnum is full of resources, and other curiosities—if the dwarfs fail to attract as dwarfs, he has only to splice three or four of them together, and lo! and behold, you have a giant. If you tire of the beauty of the Angel Fish, Barnum will convert it into a Devil Fish, by turning it over. Skeletons live at Barnum's that can live nowhere else. The "wax figgers" of royalty are as useful at Barnum's as the originals are in their realms afar. The Museum is a little world in itself, presided over by wax princes, potentates, and other powers; here you see all the birds of the air, all the fishes of the sea, and all the animals of the forest; gems from the depths of the sea, minerals from the depths of the land, and specimen bricks from everywhere; there be shells from many a sea girt shore, and living waters from the Dead Sea; here's a lock of John Brown's hair, and there a lock of John Brown's musket; one of the Arabian Knights, and one of Algier's Deys, all clearly defined by the light of other days. Ah! its a grand old place to walk through, to see things, and to marvel o'er the many trophies that carry us back to olden times and old Virginia's shore. We shall sadly miss the ancient pile should the demands of commerce compel its demolition, and drive the old curiosity shop among the nobs up town.

Dancing Girls, of fine appearance, and good abilities, are in great request of late years, and the manager who has a *ballet* composed of the right material, has a sure card of attraction. Manager Butler, of 444 Broadway, has always been fortunate in this respect, and generally presents a goodly array of the daughters of Terpsichore, "lithe of form and swift of foot," as they go, "tripping on the light fantastic toe." This department of his entertainment has contributed greatly to his success, and enabled him to loan the Government a portion of his surplus earnings. In consequence of the scarcity of good dancers, artists in this line command pretty high salaries, and some of them are confounded sassy at that, begging their pardon for exposing them.

That's a strong agency just formed by James Conner and George Lea, and, if managed properly, ought to pay them well.

The Laughable Comedy of Paul Pry is always acceptable to the majority of sight-seekers, and those who attended the Winter Garden, on Monday of last week, had no occasion to regret their visit Have you seen Clarke, as Paul Pry? Have you laughed over his mistakes and eccentricities? No? Then, mortal, there is a treat in store for you. It was by the masterly rendering of this character that Liston won honor and fame. In the days of the old Park Theatre—those days when wealth and fashion were confined to the lower portion of the city—Hilson appeared in the same *role* to delighted audiences. Who has forgotten the broad humor of Barton in the same part? The Paul Pry of Mr. Clarke is a study in itself. His first appearance on the stage is the signal for loud and hearty applause. We have before us an inquisitive, meddling fool, and we feel that he is one. His gestures, walk and manners, are all in keeping with the character, and might be adopted, with advantage, by other representatives of the part. The engagement of Mr. Clarke is drawing rapidly to a close. He leaves us for other cities, and other faces. As a character actor, Mr. Clarke has few superiors. No *role* seems too difficult for him. It is impossible for a stranger to believe that the man who calls forth tears as Bob Tyke, is the same individual who creates good feeling as Major De Boots. Toodles is widely different from Beetle, in "The Babes in the Wood," and yet both are masterpieces. The Winter Garden, which was formerly one of the worst-paying theatres, is now one of the best. Where we once beheld a goodly lot of empty seats, it is now often difficult to obtain standing room.

When Douglas Jerrold, the wittiest of wits, placed his pet comedy of "Time Works Wonders" before the people, he little thought that it remained for a manageress in the New World to produce it in an effective manner, and to give a true interpretation to the text. Such, however, is the case, and great praise is due to Mrs. John Wood for endeavoring to render legitimate comedy a favorite with the *habitues* of her theatre. The Olympic, on Tuesday evening of last week, was, considering that it was election night—a great thing to take into consideration—well-attended, and what is more wonderful, there was a large number of matrons and maidens amongst the audience, who simpered and blushed, and yawned and talked, as is usual on such occasions. "Time Works Wonders" has evidently been produced to display the peculiar talents of the new actress, and, in the part of Bessy Tulip, Miss Eliza Newton fulfilled our earnest wishes. She succeeded in destroying the unfavorable impression which her assumption of a "breeches" part had given us, and showed herself, in the minutia of stage business and in the thorough understanding of the author, to be the accomplished artist. She was all life and animation, and seemed to enter heart and soul into the part of the merry madcap school-girl. Her gestures were graceful, mischief twinkled in her eye, and her pouting lips, like two twin rosebuds, seemed to whisper, "Kiss me quick, I'll never tell." In days gone by, we loved just such a girl as this. Her merry laugh was music in our ears, and one sweet smile from her would lead us captive, to her feet. By the by, in looking over some old papers, we came across a lock of hair bound around with pink ribbon. It must have been her hair—the hair of Araminta. Ah! those were happy, happy days. Miss Newton is a very lively actress, and, although her tongue is frequently given to rattle, still we think that Bessy Tulip could not have been entrusted to worthier hands. Jerrold made his play the receptacle of a vast amount of wit and humor, and many of the scenes are introduced for this purpose alone, and have nothing to do with the development of the plot. Each person in the play represents a peculiar character in the great drama of human life, and the cast includes nearly every member of the Olympic company. Mrs. Wood does not make her appearance. The part that she would have taken has been assigned to Miss Newton. Mrs. Gilbert as Miss Tucker, a distracted school marm, and one who belongs to that class of people who live in other people's houses, was capital. Florentine, the baker's pretty daughter, was well rendered by Miss Irving, who, we are glad to see, has recovered from her severe indisposition. Miss Harris deserves praise, but we cannot say as much for Miss Myers. If the latter lady would only moderate the tones of her voice, and not gesticulate as if she were addressing a political meeting, she would make an excellent actress. Davidge as Professor Sniffers, the heart's idol of Miss Tucker, was perfectly at home. The Goldthumb of Stoddart was in every respect worthy of the man and showed he had a true appreciation of the humorous. Mortimer, as Felix Goldthumb, the boy of genius and the husband of sweet Bessy Tulip, added new laurels to his brow. The rest of the characters were well rendered. Now, Mr. Hind, a word with you. Are you a bashful or a timid man? Why do you gaze so earnestly at your finger-nails, and stand as if you expected every minute to see the floor give way below you? Come, be a man, Mr. Hind. There is fire in you, we know. To describe the plot of the new comedy would be like unravelling a tangled skein of thread, and we, therefore, advise one and all, large and small, to go themselves and enjoy a hearty laugh. The Rose of Castile has, also, been produced during the week. The black velvet dress of Mrs. Wood, with its frontage of crimson satin, has created considerable excitement among the ladies, who have been bothering their husbands for one of exactly the same kind. Those who are fond of singing should hear Miss Myers warble the pretty ballad of "Love is the greatest plague in life." A new comic domestic drama, written by H. S. Craven, Esq., the author of the "Chimney Corner," and entitled "Milky White," is now in active preparation. Those who are down-hearted and sorrowful, should pay a visit to Thalia Matilda.

Quietness reigned in the Academy last week, the elections having choked off Maretzek and his "furrinera" for the time being. Another season is announced to commence to-night, but it seems to us that Grover and his contaminated Germans have taken the wind out of the sails of Max and his adulterated Italians.

Owing to "an increased demand for seats" to witness "Rosedale," at Wallack's, a "new and original drama by Boucicault" will shortly be produced at that theatre. We are glad there is *some* reason for giving us something new.

An extraordinary feat of strength was once performed by a gentleman named Samson, an Israelite of the tribe of Dan. If our theological knowledge is not defective, Samson was a strong man, and had much enemies. One day he went to a place called Gaza, and gazing on a girl of bad repute, but of comely mien, he forgot his self and went into the gates of Gaza with her. His enemies, the Gazelites, got wind of it, and thought they had him secure in the gates; they laid for him all night, intending to kill him in the morning, but at midnight he arose and performed that prodigious feat of strength which made him famous; instead of trying to unlock himself out, he actually picked up the huge gates of the city, shouldered them, and carried them up on to a high hill, where he left them. His enemies felt awful cheap next morning when they discovered what he had done, and it is probable that new gates had to be made for the city, as it was impossible to cart the old ones back again. This same man was caught once in a tight place by his enemies, and they bound him with cables, and such stuff, but Mr. Samson did not wait to untie the knots, like the Davenport chaps, but broke the ropes asunder, freed himself, seized an opportune jaw bone of a deceased army mule, and went to work at the rebels, killing one thousand of them, while none of him was either killed or wounded. They have a strong man at the Varieties in the Bowery, and they say he does some marvellous feats of strength. This little incident about Samson, which is a fact, may induce some of our readers to see this modern Samson, at the Varieties, where, also, they can witness some exhilarating dancing, acrobatic and gymnastic feats, and hear some capital singing, both of a sentimental and comical complexion.

The one hundred and eighteenth representation of "Toodles," in New York by J. S. Clarke, was given at the Winter Garden on Friday evening, 11th inst., being its last for the present. The erring "Toodles" is one of John's best parts. On the 12th, Mr. Clarke appeared as Bob Brierly, in "The Ticket of Leave Man." The gentleman will soon take his ticket of leave of New York, as his long engagement is fast drawing to a close.

Our minstrel managers are beginning to expand their ideas, and instead of giving us worn out acts and stale jokes night after night, as has heretofore been the case, a few of them are now introducing what might be called "stars," or extra attractions, and if they cannot procure the novelties they desire among their own persuasion, they enter the regular dramatic field, or wherever else fresh attractions are to be had. Manager Campbell, of Campbell's Minstrels, and Mr. Wood, of Wood's Minstrels, are among these pioneers of improvement; they have already introduced a number of star performers, with their own specialties, and the thing seems to work very well. There are stars in minstrelsy as well as upon the regular stage, and these stars are beginning to attract managerial attention. Ethiopian comedians, of a high order of merit, are very scarce, and consequently command large salaries. Such comedians, it is probable, may, ere long, strike out in the starry firmament, and go the rounds the same as dramatic luminaries. There is plenty of room for improvement in the minstrel business.

During the great Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia, last summer, one of the chief points of interest in that exhibition was the apartment occupied by Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass Blowers, with their beautiful glass steam engine, in complete working order. A constant crowd surrounded the Bohemians, and admired their glassical works. Well, Mr. Woodroffe's party are here now, giving exhibitions to old and young, showing their glass engines, and giving prizes for the best conundrums. Hope Chapel, up Broadway, is the place where the blowers hold their high carnivals.

The wife of Col. T. Allston Brown, well known to the profession, presented her husband with the usual "pledge of affection," a blue-eyed beauty of a boy, on the morning of the 10th inst. Mother, child and father are "doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances." Verse in honor of the auspicious event:—

Two souls with but this single thought,
Which soon they'll *beat* as one.

Manager Henry Wood introduces to his patrons at his Minstrel Hall, this week, several new candidates for public favor, viz., Mr. Penney, the well known gymnast, who will appear each evening in his perilous act of "L'Echelle Perileuse," also on the double trapeze with Mr. Goldie, the gentleman who carried off the principal prizes last summer at the Caledonian Festival. Archey Hughes, the comedian, goes on the end, and plays in the Olio business with Charley Fox, Purdy, and the other funny members of the company. Mr. P. B. Isaacs having withdrawn from the company, gives place to Mr. Mollenhauer, brother to Mollenhauer, leader of the orchestra at Wallack's; Mr. M. will be musical director with Wood's troupe. These are valuable additions, and will add great strength to the band.

Manager Lingard, of the New Bowery is to be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial tendered him by his many friends. The affair, which promises to be a brilliant one, comes off at the Academy of Music on the 17th inst., when a number of volunteers will appear. Mr. Lingard will appear in a popular character, and Mr. Felix A. Vincent and Miss Mollie Williams will also appear. One of our minstrel bands will assist in making the testimonial a success.

Mr. P. B. Isaacs, the well-known musician and musical director at Wood's Minstrels, sails to-day by the Costa Rica for San Francisco, under an engagement with Maguire's Minstrels.

All the way from California.—I. N. McAndrew and George Winship returned to New York in a steamship, a few days since, after a professional sojourn among the specie-paying people of California. M. C. Campbell at once secured them for his minstrel troupe, and they are to take hold with the Campbell's this evening, 14th. There is a great deal of enterprise about Mick Campbell.

Probably you don't know Zeke. He is director of the Gaities, on Broadway, and while you are doing the sights of that great thoroughfare you might as well make the acquaintance of Zeke and his gay place. It's *always* lively at the Gaities.

"Books of the play," consisting of a little of everything in that line, are supplied to the public by Mr. S. French, the extensive play book publisher. See his card.

Banjo Playing and Jig Dancing may be numbered, with propriety, among modern accomplishments. On the strength of this proposition, therefore, it is in place to recommend all young men to acquire these arts. Those who propose to follow our advice should call upon or address J. Bogan as per advertisement elsewhere.

The First Grand Concert by Alfred H. Pease takes place at Irving Hall on the evening of Saturday the 19th inst.

Dolly Davenport has withdrawn from the Winter Garden Company, and joins the forces at the Broadway this evening.

The Engagement of Mollie Williams and Felix J. Vincent at the New Bowery having thus far proved so beneficial to the manager, as well as to the artists named, they have been re engaged for another week. The drama of "Green Bushes" is produced this evening, with Mollie Williams as Nellie O'Neil, and Mr. Vincent as Wild Murtagh. Miss Williams also personates six characters in the protean farce of "A Day in Paris." Business has been very good during the engagement of these artists.

Fanny Herring has been delighting the frequenters of the Old Bowery the past week with her fine impersonations of the "Dumb Boy of Ancona" and "Lendarnie, the Idiot Boy," in both of which characters she achieved a great success. This week she commences the sixth week of her stay there, with the spectacle of Aladdin. Mr. G. L. Fox appears as the Dumb Slave, "The Night Owls of France" is also performed this week, J. B. Studley in the leading *role*

The Corsican Brothers is in active preparation at Niblo's Garden, and will be produced at the termination of Maggie Mitchel's six week's engagement. Mr. Charles Pope, lately arrived from California, has been engaged expressly to appear in this piece.

A Tenor Singer advertises in this week's Clipper for an engagement. Let minstrel managers take notice.

Dramatic.

The Proper Method for lighting the stage is a question that is being pretty generally discussed in Europe. The London *Athenæum*, in view of a recent accident to an actress through her dress catching fire at the footlights, says:—"Will any one state what are the advantages of illuminating the stage in the modern manner, from below, that is, so as to bring the intensity of the light with full power between the spectator's eyes and the objects at which he looks—to cast the shadows of every object in a manner which is not only the reverse of that which nature chooses, but actually contrary to the way in which the scene-painters represent their effects? Nothing is more absurd than this error; we see the painted shadows cast in the opposite direction to that of the actual ones, and this in scenes where illusion is the main object. Had nature intended the human face to be illuminated from below, she would have shaped it so as to produce something quite different from the ugly mask-like look which results from the modern system of theatrical lighting. By this curious device the features of a performer are put out of proportion with each other, the eyes are set in shaded cavities, the nose projects the wrong way, the upper lip is illuminated instead of having its thickness shaded, the eye-balls cannot but glare and glitter unnaturally, the chin loses its expressiveness, and the light and shade of the countenance is broken up. Lights arranged in the sides of, and above the stage, would not be liable to these objections; they would aid, instead of (as now) impeding the ventilation of theatres, and would insure audiences against seeing performers burnt alive before their eyes."

Macfarland's Company, after a tour through the western cities of Peoria, Davenport, Dubuque, La Crosse, St. Pauls, Milwaukee, Janesville, Madison, etc., is now located at Columbus, Ohio. They opened the New Opera House on the 3d inst., with a good company, consisting of Messrs. F. L. Kent, W. S. Forrest, E. W. Acker, F. Bosworth, G. B Beach, A. Macfarland, E. V. Gregory, J. K. Murray, J. Kennedy, F. Harris, C. Rose, and A. W. Morgan; Misses Josephine Tyson, Jessie Macfarland; Madame Ada Murray and Miss Annie Sheffield, F. Bosworth and G. Sykes. The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was the opening piece, and it drew good houses during the first week.

Mr and Mrs. Wm. Gomersal made their first appearance in Washington on the 10th inst., at Ford's Theatre, in the "Child of the Regiment," and the "Rough Diamond."

The Webb Sisters performed to large audiences at Davenport, Iowa, last week.

Matilda Heron lately gave a Boston audience a lesson in etiquette. It is a universal habit there, (as well as here,) for the audience to rush pell-mell from the theatre just before the close of the performance. The play produced on the occasion was one of Miss Heron's own compositions, and she, as authoress and actress, rightly deemed herself entitled to more respectful attention. With stately mien, she advanced to the front of the stage, and indignantly protested in language something like the following:—"The respectable part of the audience will remain and witness my poor efforts; the rest of the audience may go!" It is well to add that this deserved reprimand proved salutary, for a complete conversion was experienced, and the entire audience resumed their seats until the curtain fell.

Mrs. Emma Waller closed her engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 4th inst., to the largest house of her engagement. On the 5th the stock company had it all to themselves, and appeared in the following pieces, with Manager Henderson at their head, "Wallace, the Hero of Scotland," "Ocean Child," and the "Idiot's Revenge," to a jammed house. Our correspondent "Idahoe" says: "On the 7th, Miss Major Pauline Cushman made her *debut* to a crowded house, with the Irish comedian, James M. Ward, selecting for their opening, the 'Colleen Bawn,' Eily O'Conner, Miss Pauline Cushman; Myles Na Coppaleen, Mr. James M. Ward. The piece was repeated on the 8th and 9th, with the same result, viz., crowded houses. On the 10th, the Irish drama of 'Peep O'Day,' with the farce of 'Married Rake' for the afterpiece, was presented."

A leading and juvenile gentleman are wanted for the Leavenworth Theatre, for a season of eight months. Address H. Linden, as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

Operatic Matters in Brooklyn promise well for a brilliant season during the holidays. The subscription season which replaces the chance series of operatic nights in Brooklyn is soon to commence, as the requisite number of the subscribers have been procured. This is the first time Brooklyn has "gone it alone" on Opera, and they don't intend to be euchred by any means. The fashionables are all in a flutter about it, and the Academy on each occasion will no doubt be crowded. If Max keeps his word to the subscribers, and really gives them first class operas in first class style, with first-class artists, as interpreters, the experiment will not only be a first class success, but a second series of subscription nights will probably follow. This Brooklyn season will help the troupe in New York, as the off nights will be filled up.

Mrs. Conway's Park Theatre felt the effects of the election and rainy weather last week, but not to any disastrous extent, as the attractions offered sufficed to keep a majority of the seats occupied each night. The "Sea of Ice" was the bill offered for the week, varied on Friday by Frank Drew's farewell benefit, with the addenda of his little burlesque of Camille, not as well rendered as before, by the way, and of a burlesque act from "Richard Third." Mr. Fletcher, the new juvenile man, is decidedly an acquisition to the company, being of good personal appearance, a good reader, and natural in his interpretation of the parts assigned him, as far as we have been able to judge thus far. Lewis acquitted himself very creditably in the "Sea of Ice;" he made the best of the character he had to personate. This week Miss Charlotte Thompson makes her first bow to the Brooklyn public in that charming play, the "Cricket," in which she is truly excellent. We prophecy a very successful engagement.

Miss Lotta took a benefit on the 10th inst., at the Holiday, Baltimore, and it was a decided success. A large card was displayed during the evening: "No standing room."

The Opera Troupe consisting of Mme. Whiting, Lorini, Mme. Natali Testa, Sig. Steffani, Sig. Testa, Sig. Amodio and Mr. Berhans was announced to appear at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 14th inst, in "Norma" in full costume.

The French Dramatic Company performed at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., last week, in conjunction with Camilla Urso. This week the company performs at Quebec, C. E.

Mr. John E. McCullough was the star last week at the Academy of Music, Albany. He appeared as O'Brien in the Irish drama of that name.

Mr Leonard Grover gives a short season of German Opera in Baltimore, at the Holiday St. Theatre, commencing Nov. 21st.

John E. McDonough is at Ford's Washington Theatre this week.

Geo. C. Charles was playing at Parker's Theatre, Alexandria, Va., last week. On the 11th he was the recipient of a benefit, on which occasion was produced the "Colleen Bawn."

An Academy of Music is in course of erection at Binghamton, N. Y., which is to cost, we are informed, over thirty thousand dollars. The people of that borough will therefore have great cause for rejoicing when it is duly opened to the public, which is to be on December 13th, in time for the holidays. Mr. Geo. Coon, the proprietor, advertises in another part of this paper for people of dramatic talent. As it is the only theatre on the line of the New York and Erie railroad, it will no doubt prove to be a paying as well as a playing institution. By the advertisement above alluded to, it will be seen that liberal inducements are offered to stars.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., is doing a good business, the house being crowded every night. A correspondent says:—"Manager Riley has been very fortunate in engaging good actors and actresses, thus making sure of a good business. Miss Laura Keene and troupe were well received last week by full houses. On the occasion of Miss Laura's benefit, November 4th, the 'School for Scandal' was produced. As Lady Teazle, Miss Keene was excellent. Every seat was occupied in a few minutes after the doors were opened, and hundreds went away, unable to gain entrance. All in all Miss Keene's engagement was quite a success to Manager Riley, and also to herself. Mr. and Miss Couldock made their appearance November 7th, in the 'Willow Copse.' It is hoped they will give us something new and good."

The Seven Sisters had a successful run at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, last week, and was withdrawn on Saturday, to be produced at Manager Ford's Theatre, Washington. This week, the London sensation, "Waiting for the Verdict," is produced at the Holliday. Our correspondent, "Occasional," says:—"The piece is produced from the original manuscript copy, purchased by Mr. Ford expressly for his theatre. It is given with a remarkably strong *cast*, embracing the names of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gomersal, (who performed it while playing in London,) Miss Alice Gray, Mr. W. J. Wheelock, Mr. W. J. Cogswell, Mr. Chas. Warwick, Mr. John Matthews, and the entire stock company."

At the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Dan Setchell drew fine houses last week, appearing in "Donabey and Son," "The Mummy," "Toodles," "The Serious Family," and a number of other pieces. The great sensation, "Waiting for a Verdict," is also in rehearsal at this theatre, and will shortly be produced.

A great dramatic treat is to be offered the good people of Philadelphia, commencing on Monday next, Nov. 21st, when Edwin Forrest will open an engagement at the Academy of Music, and appear for the first time there in his grand impersonation of "Coriolanus," with all the accessories which contributed to its great success in New York, where it was given to crowded audiences at Niblo's Garden. Among others engaged to support Mr. Forrest is Mad. Ponisi, an actress of great power in the tragic line. New scenery, machinery, costumes, etc., are being prepared for the occasion.

Manager Grover's German Opera Troupe had a brilliant week at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, notwithstanding the election excitement. Mr. Grover has much cause to be proud of the reception accorded his artists, and the patronage bestowed upon his own efforts. The troupe will remain there the present week.

The Holman Troupe were in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 10th, and were to remain another night. This week they perform at Oswego three nights, commencing on the 14th On the 28th they open at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, for one week.

Dan Setchell, who is much given to mirth and play, will invade Norfolk, Va., next week, and meet the Norfolk folk at the Opera House in that city on the 21st November. Let not the resident population nor folk from the suburbs fail to see Dan.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is to give the Brooklynites a series of performances this week, the lady beginning her engagement at the Park Theatre, on the 14th, as Little Fadette, in "Fanchon," a part which she has studied very closely, and which she performs with ability.

Miss "Major Pauline Cushman," the Union spy and actress, concluded her Pittsburgh engagement on the 12th, and returns to Philadelphia this week for a short resting spell.

The Boniface and Newton Alliance are the stars this week at the Old Nashville Theatre.

Mary Mitchell is starring it at Ben De Bar's St. Louis Theatre this week.

Helen Western commenced a short engagement at Ellsler's Athenæum, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th inst., opening in "Satan in Paris," and playing to good houses during the week.

The Webb Sisters concluded a brilliant engagement on the 12th inst., at Davenport, Iowa, and are at Memphis this week.

Edwin Adams' Hamlet is highly spoken of by the press of Nashville, where he was performing last week.

McKean Buchanan and daughter were announced to open in Pittsburgh on the 14th inst.

"Leah, the Forsaken," has been selected by Miss Lucille for her opening performance at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 14th.

"Pauvrette, or Under the Snow," is to be produced at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 21st inst.

"The Octoroon" and the "Cricket" were performed at Kate Fisher's Newark, N. J., Theatre last week, to overflowing houses. In the part of Wool, in the "Octoroon," Mr. Davidge, Jr., is said to have distinguished himself, performing the character so well as to call forth praise from all who witnessed it. This young gentleman has considerable talent, and bids fair to become a very clever comedian. Miss Kate Fisher appears this week, on the 16th, as Herne, in "Herne the Hunter." Miss Josephine Woodward, a lady well known in the profession several years ago, and who has been off the boards for some time, made her re-appearance on the 12th inst., at this theatre, as Maritana, in "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and was favorably received. A good leading man is wanted by Miss Fisher.

The Augusta (Me.) Opera House still continues to do a fair business. The attractions were increased last week. Mr. G. E Wilson has been added to the company, opening Nov. 7th in the "Stranger." During the week the comedy of the "Soldier's Daughter" and "Rosina Meadows" were produced. Miss Holmes, Miss Spear, and Miss Carrie Day, with Messrs. Beattie, Walton, Bradley, &c., have appeared to advantage, gaining fresh laurels with each performance. The present week Miss Marie Boniface, who has been engaged for the season, will appear in the dramas of "Jack Sheppard," "Flowers of the Forest," etc. Mr. S. E. Browne is now one of the most popular managers in the eastern country.

The Florences attracted large audiences to the Howard, Boston, last week, and continue the stars this week. Mrs. Florence's benefit on the 11th, was attended, it is said, by the largest audience ever crowded into that theatre. The officers of the gallant sloop-of-war Kearsarge were present, and occupied a prominent place in the dress boxes. On their entrance to the theatre they were greeted with a round of cheers. The theatre was handsomely decorated in honor of the occasion.

Edwin Adams produced "Enoch Arden" at the Nashville Theatre, on the 7th inst., to a crowded house. Mr. Adams was to commence at the Louisville Theatre on the 14th, for two weeks.

Leo Hudson commences a three weeks' engagement at the Louisville Theatre on the 28th inst., opening in her speciality of "Mazeppa," where and when Leo will no doubt be greatly lionized.

McKean Buchanan and daughter conclude their engagement in Pittsburgh on the 19th inst., and open in Cleveland, at Ellsler's Athenæum on the 21st., for two weeks, thence to the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, for three weeks. So far they have met with success wherever they have appeared.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is the star this week at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, opening on the 14th, in "Fanchon."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was on the bills at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, for representation on the 14th inst.

The following notices of McKean Buchanan and his daughter Virginia are from the Philadelphia papers:—

Walnut Street Theatre.—Last week was devoted to Mr. McKean Buchanan and Miss Virginia Buchanan, who produced a new and original domestic drama, entitled "Waiting For a Verdict." Mr Buchanan assumed the character of Jonathan Rosebiade, an English farmer, of some eighty years of age. The

rowded house at Prescott; and the following evening, at Brockville, another good turn-out listened to their comicalities. On the 10th and 11th, at Ogdensburg, the hall was too small, both nights, to accommodate the crowds.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS were billed to give their full performance on the 14th inst. at Trenton, N. J., and remain three nights.

THE GREATEST BILL ever presented by Manager Hooley at his Opera House in Brooklyn, is offered this week. Among the many novelties, we find a new act by McCloskey, called "How to Avoid the Draft," with J. H. Budworth and Griffin doing the funny business. Hank Mudge and his two pupils, "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," appear in a terpsichorean clog pedality. Cool Burgess, the new addition to the forces, having met with a decided hit, last week, in his act of "Nicodemus Johnson," repeats it this week. Mr. Charles Austin's Zouave Drill having been so favorably received, is on again this week.

Music Halls.

A STAGE MANAGER of experience, recently with Yankee Robinson's Show, is looking for a berth of that nature with some first-class manager. See C. McMillan's advertisement in another column.

THE MELODEON, Pittsburgh, Pa., did a good business last week. The company consists of M'lle Marietta Ravel, Millie Fowler, Clara Fowler, Misses Nellie Taylor, Julie Price, Emma Thomas, Louise Robinson, Mattie Marshall, Marion Edeson, Ellen Collene, Rose Smith, Maggie Mairs and Lizzie Elsworth; Messrs. Geo. R. Edeson, Billy Holmes, Alex. Hassan, Lewis J. Donnelly, Mons. Leon Chenet, Denny Gallagher, J. C. Campbell, Billy Thomas, J. S. Clark and Master Winter Ravel.

GAIETY MUSIC HALL, Albany, is, according to last advices, being filled to repletion nightly by delighted audiences. The performances there given are very varied and of a pleasing character, which readily accounts for the extensive patronage bestowed. Manager Fitzpatrick, who does not believe in standing "as you were," intends adding to his company both in talent and numbers, and to that end advertises in this week's CLIPPER for several vocalists and terpsichoreans, male and female, and good performers generally.

JOHNNY PIERCE, the well-known Ethiopian comedian, commences an engagement at the Canterbury, Washington, this week.

A COMBINATION of stars appeared last week at the Canterbury, Washington. Among the new attractions were W. A. Wray, with his performances on thirty different instruments; he is one of the most versatile actors on the stage; Mons. Duverney, contortionist; and Jennie Walton *danseuse* and vocalist. Cherry Belle took a farewell benefit on the 11th inst., appearing in the three principal characters of the "French Spy." Another regiment of new faces are on hand this week, and added to the forces of the Canterbury.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, Vocalists, and Swiss Bell Ringers appeared at Montpelier, Vt., on Thursday and Friday evenings, November 10th and 11th, under the patronage of the Governor, the Senate, and House of Representatives. Notwithstanding the double price of admission, the *Daily Journal* says: "Hundreds were unable to gain admission, owing to the crowds who flocked to hear these popular artists." Good for the Alleghanians.

MCKEVOY'S PICTORIAL AND MUSICAL EXHIBITION, THE HIBERNICON, with vocal illustrations by Miss Anna Goodall, Miss Taylor, and Mr. John Heron, were at Burlington, Vt., November 3d. They go thence to Canada.

PROF. WHITNEY gave a vocal and instrumental concert at Montpelier, Vt., at Washington Hall, November 2d.

MESSRS. S. C. MOORE AND W. H. CARY, assisted by Miss Louise Adams, soprano, and Mrs. Cary, contralto, from the Handel & Haydn Society, Boston, and others, gave a concert at Brandon, Vt., Monday, November 7th. Admission fifty cents.

THE CONCERT HALL at Wilmington, Del., is now under the management of John Weaver. In the company are Annie Martin, Tom Brookfield, Billy Mulligan, Philips, comic vocalist, Bob Harrison, J. Hall, George Brookfield, Mr. Tyson and others.

PARKER'S MUSIC HALL, Alexandria, Va., is meeting with a fair share of patronage under Dick Parker's management. As at present organized, the company is as follows: W. B. Cavanagh, Billy Chambers M'lle Isabelle, Jennie Engel, Rose Volandt, Master Barry, Dick Parker and La Petite Flora.

THE NEW IDEA, Baltimore, is now conducted by Mr. Hays, with the following company: Frank Christopher, Willie Diamond, Charles Howard, Carrie Gardiner, Kitty Scott and M'lle Viola.

"THE SCHOOL-BOY'S FROLICS," "A Close Shave," "An Attack in the Rear," "Comic Organ Duet," and "Post Office Sam" were among the principal acts at Fred Aims' Melodeon, Pittsburgh, last week.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, introduced to its patrons, last week, John Mulligan, the Ethiopian comedian, and he was well received. Mons. John Denier performed the perilous feat of carrying a lad from the extreme depth of the stage to the gallery—a distance of 300 feet. The Madame Macart Troupe, with Jonathan Jack and John Foster in the company, closed there on the 12th inst. W. J. Thompson, with his trained dogs, Hector and Carlo, open there this week. Cherry Belle makes her first appearance on the 14th, opening in the laughable sketch written and performed by her, entitled "Have You Seen Her? or, Cubas in a Horn."

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent says that Billy Holmes, comic singer, was recently the recipient of a favor at the hands of a manager in that city, which favor was to be returned, but on being reminded of the indebtedness, he is said to have used disrespectful and abusive language towards the gentleman who had done him the service. It is possible there may be some misunderstanding about the matter, and Billy, on seeing this, may set himself right.

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL appeared at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., to a crowded house. Kitty made a big hit in her new song, "The Young Girl from the Country," and sang the same three times during the evening..... Barry Carter appeared on the 10th, and caused great laughter with "I'd Choose to be a Baby."

THE CLOUD SWINGIST, James W. Ward, swings himself into the Philadelphia Casino, to-night, Nov. 14th..... Miss Annie Eldridge, *danseuse*, comes forward, too, the same evening.

MR. CHARLES MADIGAN and Donnivan, late of L. B. Lent's Equescurriculum, are at present at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, doing the double trapeze and other gymnastic feats.

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC, Washington, D. C., as our readers will perceive on looking over our advertising columns, will positively open on the 21st Nov. This establishment will be, when completed, one of the handsomest music halls in the United States. The frescoe work on the ceiling is completed and is a magnificent piece of workmanship, and cost 800 dollars. The alterations have cost already, we are informed, $10,000, and any person who has ever been in the old Varieties would scarcely believe that such a transformation could have been made. The company engaged is very extensive and talented, embracing many familiar names and many artists. The lessees, Messrs. Fox, Curran and Norris, are men well known in the business, and performers should bear "The Oxford" in mind when they feel like visiting Washington.

MAD. MACART'S troupe opens in Annapolis, Md., this week.

THE WRAY SISTERS, Louise and Ada, can be engaged by music-hall managers for their establishments. They are said to be clever vocalists.

THE METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL, Philadelphia, is for sale. For particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL is at Fred Aims' Melodeon, Pittsburgh, where she has achieved a decided success. She appears each evening in a Spanish dance and on the tight-rope.

ALEXANDER BONDY, *ballet*-master and pantomimist, late of the Zanfretta Troupe, is now open for engagements, through his agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea.

M. DUVERNA, contortionist, just arrived from California, is open for engagements with first-class managers. Address Messrs. Conner & Co.

Miscellaneous.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON opened at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, on the 10th inst., for a brief period.

SPAFF HITMAN, the self-styled "magician," opened at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 5th, to a very good house. He gave but one performance in that city.

THE VARIA-HOFFMAN COMBINATION TROUPE, with J. R. Thomas, the popular composer and baritone of this city, is performing with great success in the Western cities. They commenced their fall season in Bangor, Me, and are now performing in St. Paul, Minn.,—their tour is to be of three months duration. In Detroit, they had an audience of over one thousand people, we are informed.

SEVEN THOUSAND moving figures! Why, it's a small army! A novel exhibition is now going on in Boston, under the direction of Chase & Newcomb; it consists of whole cities, towns, railroads, cars, horses, men, women, children and dogs, all in working order, and having the appearance of an entire nation. It includes battle scenes, by land and sea; scenes among the firemen, etc. It is the very thing for families, instructing at the same time that it amuses the beholder, and is, consequently, one of the best of Chase's issues, and should fill the treasury of the Newcombers with ample resources to enable the manager of this miniature new world to run it with profit to themselves and the public.

NED STRAIGHT, who went straight to Chattanooga, after the Shermines induced the reba. to go away quietly, has some music suitable for our army bands which he offers to dispose of. See Edward's card in another column.

PROF LOWE, the aeronaut, "has gone up in a balloon," having made several ascensions in Philadelphia during the past week. During the moonlight evenings he ascended, taking up quite a number of passengers, including a few ladies. To prevent the party from going *too* far, the balloon was tied fast to old *terra firma*, which gave some of them a firmer hold on the Quaker City than they ever had before. The people who went up express themselves pleased with their short excursion, but don't care to make a steady thing of it.

ALF BURNETT, the humorist, has returned West, and is now lecturing in Cincinnati

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS are singing the songs of other days down in the Eastern country. On the 14th they were to be at Fall River, Mass.

MISS CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG sang in Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., Nov. 8th, but the rain and political excitement produced a small house.

TWENTY wild animals arrived in Boston last week from Calcutta, including a royal Bengal tiger. The whole lot was bought by Frank J. Thompson, the well-known side showman.

ELLINGER & FOOTE'S TROUPE opened at Pottsville, Pa., on the 12th inst., to a crowded house, and remain there until the 17th. Their route ahead is as follows: Tamaqua 18th and 19th, Danville 21st, for four days, and Williamsport 28th and 2d.

MR. EUGENE DAZZLE, a new aspirant for prestidigitative honors, is in the field for first-class engagements. His stage fittings are said to be of the most expensive style. Managers wishing to secure him can do so by addressing his agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea, as per advertisement elsewhere.

A FIRST-CLASS concert party, under the management of Prof. J. S. Thompson, give its first performance Thanksgiving night at the Brooklyn Athenæum. They then go on a travelling tour for the season through the West. The company consists of first-class performers among whom are the Bretto Children, said to be most excellent musicians. Mr. Frank Tryon is ahead of the party as agent.

Amateur.

THE "INDEPENDENTS" give their second regular performance on the 15th inst., at Dramatic Hall in this city. "All that Glitters is not Gold" and "The Jacobite" are to be performed.

DRAMATIC HALL was crowded to its utmost on Nov. 2d., on the occasion of the Excelsior Dramatic Associations' performance. The pieces given were "Omnibus," "The Avenger," and "The Unfinished Gentleman." In the first piece, J. Deegan, as Pat Rooney, distinguished himself. G. R. Middleton's Ledger was good, and very well received. Tom Dobbs, by Gilbert, was very acceptable. "The Avenger," a three act play, was well performed. N. Minnick, as Bernard, pleased us muchly." Sylvester's Dr. Prod was an able effort, and fully up to the mark. McClure's Count was passable. Craven, as Valdi, showed that he could do much better if entrusted with a good part. In "The Unfinished Gentleman," Nichols and Scallan kept the house in good humor.

LINGARD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY will give a grand performance on Thursday Evening, Nov. 17th, at the Old Coates St. Theatre, Philadelphia. The company will embrace the following talented artists:—J. B. Taylor, Frank Jenks, C. W. Coomber, Jas. Ward, H. Hutchins, T. C. Gale, Jas. Vernon, W. Jackson, C. Montgomery, T. H. Adams, S. J. Seymore; Miss Marie Vernon, Miss E. Stone, Miss Jenny Vernon, Miss A. Smith, Miss Annie Taylor. The opening pieces will be "Robert Macaire," "Idiot Witness," and "Rough Diamond."

Circuses

MR. JOHN ROBINSON has taken the old National Theatre, Cincinnati, and will open there on the 21st inst., for the winter season, with a first class equestrian, gymnastic and acrobatic company.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, has undergone a metamorphosis, being now converted into an amphitheatre, under the auspices of Nickerson & Bailey, who have engaged the best arenic talent in the West. This is a long-needed institution in Cincinnati, and the new enterprise is likely to realize a great success. Equestrian and other stars will be treated with as per advertisement.

MR. WARNER'S CIRCUS opened at the Continental, Philadelphia, on the 10th, and, thus far, has met with good encouragement.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

W. H. DENTITH, a local actor of some celebrity, died in London, Eng., Oct. 24th, aged thirty-four years.

M. RAVEL AND MLLE. DESCHAMPS, *premiers sujets* of the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, are fulfilling an engagement in Brussels, at the Theatre des Galleries. The comic opera, "La Reine Topaze," figures on the bills of the Theatre Royal.

MISS BATEMAN commences a twelve nights' engagement, Nov. 28th, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN continues to attract crowded houses to Astley's Theatre, London. During the week ending Oct. 29th, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Sefton, and numerous members of the aristocracy honored Miss Menken's performance with their presence.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, London, opens for the winter season under the management of Mr. W. Harrison, with an English Opera Troupe, consisting of first class talent, embracing the names of Louisa Pyne, Sims Reeves, and many other prominent artists.

MISS RAYNHAM is doing Mazeppa at the Strand Theatre, London.

A LONDON PAPER says that 'Mr. Boucicault intends working the Davenport 'manifestations' into a spiritualistic drama of great interest, which may probably be first produced at the Amphitheatre, London."

PROF. ANDERSON gave a day-light performance October 25th, at St. James' Hall, London, consisting of "the Spiritual Phenomena of tying and untying by natural means," (*a la* Davenport Bros.) The *seance* commenced with a short speech from Mr. Anderson, in the course of which he deprecated any idea of interfering with the success, or revealing the arts by which other professors of legerdemain conduct their business. All, he said, he desired to do was to prove to the public that certain operations imputed to spiritualism could be effected by ordinary means. A chairman and a committee of twelve gentlemen were on the stage and would see that everything was conducted in a fair and straightforward manner. Upon the stage was erected a structure very similar in dimensions and general appearance to that in which the manifestations of the Davenport Bros. took place; and was placed upon legs about two and a-half feet high. The aperture was a diamond-shaped hole, but it was made not quite in the centre door, as in the case of the Davenport cabinet, but of course it would be equally as convenient. The structure having been pronounced by the Chairman to be a plain wooden cabinet without any conjuring apparatus or contrivance connected with it, Mr. Anderson said that he had endeavored to procure the services of two persons to do the tricks, but that one had disappointed him at the eleventh hour, alleging sudden indisposition as his excuse. The other individual, in the person of Mr. Sutton, his cashier, was, however, ready to submit to the ordeal. But as it was desirable that two persons should perform contemporaneously, Mr. Anderson added, his daughter Lizzie had come to the rescue, and had said, "Papa, dear, don't you give up; I will go in and be tied." He had consequently accepted the services of his daughter, who had never been tied up in all her life, although he hoped to live to see the day when she would be tied up to some worthy fellow. Mr. Sutton, a middle-aged gentleman (a good fifteen stone weight), remarkably unlike an acrobat, then came forward, and having taken off his coat, submitted himself to the pinioning process. Two gentlemen having been deputed by the Committee to do the tying, proceeded with their task, but not without some show of uneasiness on the part of Mr. Sutton, who once or twice ventured to suggest that his "circulation" was likely to be impeded by the stringency of the ligatures. However, after some fourteen or fifteen minutes had been expended in securing him, he was lifted into the cabinet, and lay at length upon the floor. The doors were then closed, and the Committee resumed their seats. An interval of about three minutes succeeded, and at the termination a knock was heard. The Chairman opened the door, and Mr. Sutton was found lying on the floor of the cabinet, and bound as before. On regaining his feet, he said that he had been unable to untie himself because his muscles were powerless, owing to the circulation of the blood being impeded, and his appearance indicated that he spoke the truth. So far, therefore (to "the Spiritualists,") the experiment was a failure. Professor Anderson then produced his second youngest daughter—a very prepossessing-looking little girl of some fifteen or sixteen summers, attired *en petit garcon*—who stripped off her jacket, and professed her readiness to be "tied up," when she was lifted into the cabinet, and seated on the centre bench. An interval of two minutes ensued, and on a signal being given, the doors were flung open, and the young girl was found to be unbound. The audience applauded, and several rushed forward to shake the heroine by the hand. The next experiment was the tying up. Miss Anderson again re-entered the cabinet, the doors were closed, and in four minutes she was found tightly bound by the wrists to the seat. This feat "brought down the house," and cries of "Bravo" filled the air. Professor Anderson, who looked delighted at the clever performance of his very interesting daughter, then announced that Mr. Sutton, desiring not to be outdone by a girl, wished to be again bound, in order that he might make another experiment at untying himself. A question then arose as to who should tie him, when Mr. Tom Taylor, from the body of the Hall, suggested that some person might do it who understood how to tie a knot—some naval party, as sailors knew more about "knots" than any one else. A person then said he was a nautical man, and would tie Mr. Sutton, which he did most skilfully and effectually, after taking off his coat and giving his name to the Chairman. Mr. Tom Taylor was then requested to examine the knots, which he pronounced to be ten, so strongly made that it would take him a week or more to get out of them. Mr. Sutton entered the cabinet a second time. The doors were closed, and after an interval of some three minutes were opened, when he was found sitting unbound, with the ropes at his feet. Mr. Sutton was again tied, and having re-entered the cabinet, was secured to the seat in the manner of the Davenport Brothers. Miss Anderson was also again tied by a member of the committee, and the ropes were secured to the bench. A couple of trumpets, a guitar, and a tambourine were then placed within the structure, and the doors were closed. To all appearances the conditions as required for the Davenport manifestations were complied with in this case, and yet, after the brief interval of a third of a minute, the trumpets were violently ejected through the opening, a hand was shown, and the coat of Mr. Sutton followed in quick succession. The musical instruments were also played, and sounds such as material beings might be supposed to make were likewise heard. The doors were then opened, and Miss Anderson and Mr. Sutton were found standing up, hand in hand, and the ropes lying at their feet. With this experiment, which was most admirably performed, the exhibition terminated, and so far as it went, Mr. Anderson showed what has not been denied, namely, that rope-tying can be accomplished by conjuring, and not by spiritualism.

MR. BOUCICAULT has been severely snubbed by the London *Times*. He made himself the champion of the Davenport Bros., now exhibiting their tricks in London. The *Times* having refused to insert some of Mr. Boucicault's letters on the subject, he wrote to the Editor, and was duly lectured for an alleged attempt at dictation.

"THE WITCH FINDER," a new three act play, has been produced at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London; it is criticised as long and tiresome, yet containing many fine poetical passages. The hero of the story is an aged witch-finder at Salem, Massachusetts, near the close of the seventeenth century, who, having brought many old women to death on a charge of witchcraft, is punished at last by having his own daughter accused and convicted.

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.
HOUSES CROWDED TO THE ROOF.
Last nights of the great comedian
MR. J. S. CLARKE.

MONDAY, 14,
A NIGHT OF FUN.
Mr. Clarke as Beetle; as Jack Humphries, and as General Jocko.
Three glorious Comic Characters!
EXTRA CARD.

Winter Garden.
MR. CLARKE
Respectfully announces that his
BENEFIT
Will take place on
FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 18.
He avails himself of this opportunity of offering to the public and to the gentlemen of the press the expression of his grateful acknowledgments for the uniform kindness extended to him during his protracted engagement. 32

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, NOV 14,
Positively the last week of the charming young artiste,
MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,
whose perfect portraiture of her original character,
THE LITTLE CRICKET,
in the beautiful domestic drama of
FANCHON,
has been crowned with the most unequivocal success.
Miss MITCHELL will be supported by the principal artists of the company.
ON MONDAY NOV. 21,
after a vast outlay and elaborate preparation, will be presented for the first time at this establishment the intensely-absorbing dramatic romance entitled the
CORSICAN BROTHERS.
W. WHEATLEY AS THE TWIN BROTHERS OF CORSICA.
THE CAST WILL BE OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH.
The scenery, complicated machinery, dresses and appointments entirely new.
THE GRAND MASQUERADE SCENE
will introduce premiere danseuses, double corps de ballet, harlequinaders, etc., etc.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.
BEGINS 7¾. 32

NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
NICKERSON & BAILEY.....PROPRIETORS
This splendid theatre, the most commodious place of Amusement in the West, will be opened as an AMPHITHEATRICAL AND ARENIC ESTABLISHMENT, for the season, on
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21st,
with one of the best companies in America. As a succession of novelties will be produced, eminent members of the profession will be treated with on application to F. H. BAILEY,
32-4t* National Amphitheatre, Cincinnati.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOODROFFE'S
BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS
EXHIBIT EVERY EVENING,
AND ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT THREE P. M.,
AT HOPE CHAPEL,
720 BROADWAY.
DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS AT EACH ENTERTAINMENT, without extra charge.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. MATINEES 15 CENTS.
SEE THE GLASS STEAM-ENGINE 32

BROADWAY THEATRE.
TWELFTH WEEK
of
MR. JOHN E. OWENS'
Combined personations of
SOLON SHINGLE and JOSHUA BUTTERBY.
First appearance at this Theatre, of
The talented favorite, MR. A. H. DAVENPORT.
The vast audiences commanded last week by these triumphs of Mr. Owens (greater than have ever before crowded the theatre) offer convincing proof of their
Ever-freshening attractiveness,
—and Mr. Wood gladly announces, therefore, a
Continuance of their brilliant 'run," for ANOTHER WEEK, at least.
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1864,
72d Night of "PEOPLE'S LAWYER," 66th Night of "VICTIMS."
Seats should be secured in advance.
Mr. OWENS will shortly appear in a New BILL. 32

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,
Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
MONDAY, EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, AT 7½,
and on every evening during the week,
AND ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2,
FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. HENRY COOK
in his world famed original troupe of his Dog and Monkey Actors, in combination with
THE MAMMOTH STAR COMPANY,
EQUESTRIAN, GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC,
including in the host of talent
MELVILLE, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN RIDER, MARIETTA ZANFRETTA, M. M. SEIGRIST AND CARRON, YOUNG CARPENTER, THE TALLEEN BROTHERS, OLMA, MOLIQUE, YOUNG NICOLO, MLLE. ANGELIQUE, THE FRENCH PANTOMIME COMPANY.
Any attempt to describe in print the marvellous feats of intelligent skill displayed by this astonishing company of
DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS
would be impossible—they must be seen to be believed. First night of the Corde Volante, of the renowned highly trained horse
GENERAL SCOTT,
of a new Comic Pantomime by the French Company.
THE COOPERS OF THE OLYMPIANS,
and a host of other Attractive Novelties.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager.....MR. N. B. CLARKE.
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,
and
FELIX A. VINCENT.
FOR ONE WEEK MORE.
GREEN BUSHES.
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,
as Nelly O'Neil.
FELIX VINCENT,
as Murtough.
A DAY IN PARIS.
MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,
In Six Characters.
IRISH DOCTOR. 32

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
SIXTH WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF
MISS FANNY HERRING.
THE GRAND FAIRY SPECTACLE OF
ALADDIN;
THE WONDERFUL LAMP.
Aladdin (a reckless youth).....Miss Fanny Herring.
Kazrac (a dumb slave).....Mr. G. L. Fox.
Splendid Sensation Piece,
THE NIGHT OWLS OF FRANCE;
or,
THE DIVER OF PARIS.
Robert.....Mr. J. B. Studley.
Clarisse.....Miss R. Denvil.
OVERTURE, Orchestra....Leader, A. TYTE.
A MOST LAUGHABLE FARCE.
MR. AND MRS. HARRY CHAPMAN,
THE FULL COMPANY IN EACH PIECE. 32

ARTEMUS WARD.
ARTEMUS WARD!
IS
AT HOME EVERY EVENING,
AND
ARTEMUS WARD RECEIVES CALLS
AT
DODWORTH HALL,
806 Broadway,
where he has positively
NO OBJECTIONS TO SEEING YOU.
N. B.—The Hall is bounded on the Northwest by Broadway and the head of Eleventh street; on the Southeast by a yard; on the Northeast by a vacant lot; and on the Southwest by Grace Church and the Parsonage House.
ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.
EVERY EVENING.
Open at 7½; commence at 8.
Seats reserved without extra charge, from 9 till 5.
32 E. P. HINGSTON, Manager.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 BROADWAY.
See
HELLER FIX HIS FIEND!
See
HELLER'S CHASE OF THE HOBGOBLIN.
See
THE MYSTIC SCARLET SPIRIT,
THE RED SPIRIT,
THE SCARLET SPIRIT,
THE RUFOUS SPIRIT,
THE INCARNADINED SPIRIT,
THE STAMMEL SPIRIT,
THE LATERITIOUS SPIRIT,
THE ERYTHIC SPIRIT,
HELLER
RIDDLES IT WITH A RAPIER!
HELLER
AMPUTATES ITS LIMBS!!
THE LEGS OF THE SPIRIT WALK WITHOUT A BODY!
TRIUMPH!
VICTORY AND CROWDED HOUSES!
HELLER'S SOLO:
"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."
SEDGWICK'S SOLO ON THE CONCERTINA.
Every evening at 8.
Doors open at 7½.
Orchestra Chairs can be secured from 9 till 4.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 3 P. M. 32

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION. ENTIRE CHANGE.
MR. WOOD respectfully announces that he has effected an Engagement, for a limited period, with the renowned Gymnasts,
MESSRS. PENNEY AND GOLDIE,
Who will appear EVERY EVENING in their Aerial Flights on
THE DOUBLE TRAPEZE.
MR. H. W. PENNEY will appear in his new and terrific act,
L'ECHELLE PERILEUSE.
First appearance here of the celebrated Comedian
ARCHY HUGHES.
First appearance in the Minstrel Profession of the distinguished Violinist, MR. F. L. MOLLENHAUER, together with the entire Troupe of WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
Five Comedians, the best Quartette and the best Instrumentalists in the Profession.
Every evening this week. See Programme.
Doors open at a quarter to 7; Commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 32

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199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
VERDICT!!! SUCCESS!!!
ANOTHER STARTLING PROGRAMME.
DECIDED HIT OF MR. LEWIS MEYERS
in his great act.
HARMONICANBANJOTAMBORINEDRUMBELLDUM.
First week of
HELLER OUTDONE,
Introducing MAGIC DRUM, GOBLIN, SECOND SIGHT and THE SCARLET SPIRIT, by DAVIS and BUDWORTH.
The Happy Contraband, by
LITTLE WILLIE GUY.
HARMONICON SOLO,
DOUBLE CLOG-DANCE,
SCHONES MADCHEN,
Phunny Kwartette, Deaf—in a Horn, How Are You, Greenbacks?
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
GRAND AVTERNOON PERFORMANCE
THANKSGIVING DAY.
Box Office open daily, from 10 to 4. 32

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.
THE HOME OF MINSTRELSY,
THE RESORT OF THE CONNOISSEUR OF FUN, BURLESQUE, AND SONG.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
Every Phase of Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the following well known and unapproachable Artists:—
J. H. BUDWORTH, G. W. H. GRIFFIN, COOL BURGESS, J. B. DONNIKER, J. A. HERMAN, G. PARKERSON, W. H. LEWIS, E. HASLAM, J. GOMPERT, C. FRUMMELL, T. SHERON, B. C. NORTHRUP, H. MUDGE and his two Pupils, HAIL COLUMBIA and YANKEE DOODLE.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 50 cents; Reserved, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $3.
32-tf C. GREENLAND, Agent.

YANKEE LOCKE, THE GREAT AMERICAN
COMEDIAN, opens at the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa, Nov. 21st, 1864. Managers wishing to secure the only Yankee Comedian living, will address CONNER & LEA,
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AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
The Beautiful Drama,
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT,
Pronounced
THE GREATEST HIT OF THE SEASON.
Positively the LAST WEEK of
COMMODORE NUTT.
THREE ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY,
At 11 A. M., 3, and 7½ P. M.
PROFESSOR G. R. HUTCHINSON'S
BEAUTIFUL AND HIGHLY TRAINED DOGS.
COMMODORE NUTT
IN HIS VERSATILE PERSONATIONS.
OKE-NA-WA-KAS TRIBE OF INDIANS, CHIEFS, WARRIORS, AND SQUAWS.
MORNING, AFTERNOON, AND EVENING.
AFTERNOON, AT 3,
A Domestic Dramatic Sketch,
HARVEST STORM.
TONY DENIER.....in.....,COMIC DANCE
E. Wilkes' Elegant Comedy,
THE BUCKLE OF BRILLIANTS.
EVENING, AT 7½,
The Great Drama, in 3 acts,
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.
3 MAMMOTH FAT GIRLS, WEIGHING ONE TON.
GIANT, GIANTESS, DWARFS, ALBINO BOY, &c.
Admission 30 cents: children under ten, 15 cents.

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OR
PINACOTHE'CA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
The enlargement and embellishment of this Mammoth Conservatory of Talent, is now near completion. The Proprietors beg to announce that it is their intention to make the above-named establishment the heremetical exception to all places of the kind in this country; and although being ommigenuous as regards the nature of the entertainment intended to be given at this commonance, yet still the combination will prove one of the most complete ever brought before the public, awaiting whose verdict the Proprietors beg to remain the public's most faithful caterers,
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THE GREAT AMERICAN
PRESTIDIGITATOR
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SCIENTIFIC ARTISTE,
EUGENE DAZZLE,
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NEW AND WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS,
Comprising the finest
MECHANISM IN THE WORLD,
Newly imported from
FRANCE,
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GERMANY,
The Stage Fittings are of the most
EXPENSIVE STYLE,
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DEFY COMPETITION.
Managers of FIRST CLASS THEATRES and ENTERTAINMENTS, no Varieties or Music Hall will receive answers, can address CONNER & LEA,
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PLAIN AND ILLUMINATED PRINTING
of all kinds, such as
POSTERS, STREAMERS, PROGRAMMES, CUTS, TABLETS, OVALS, &c., &c., &c.,
in the very best style, promptly, and at fair prices.
Our stock of Type, Cuts, Borders, Ornaments, Emblems, &c., is very large and of the latest style. In addition to which we have a Corps of first class Artists continually employed engraving new designs of every description.
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We have facilities for printing any size sheet, from the mastodon (38 by 56 inches), to the smallest, in any number of colors, in the very best manner.
Estimates for any kind of Printing always cheerfully given.
All orders by mail, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
A DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS FROM PARTIES UNKNOWN TO US.
We take this opportunity to return our thanks for the very liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on us, and most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
32 JOSEPH WARREN & CO.

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32-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

VIOLIN AND PIANO PLAYER WANTED; also, a person with some Performing Dogs. Artists of ability will meet with good engagements. Call immediately at 486 Broadway, Room 5, up stairs. 32-1t*

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25 WEST HOUSTON ST., N. Y.
All Artists of the above professions can be engaged from the above office, or at our Branch Agency, J. N. BEITHIANNE, Box 5144, Chicago, and A. A. BRAIDWOOD, 132 Pearl street, Baltimore. JAS. CONNER & GEO. LEA,
32-1t Sole Proprietors.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
DAVENPORT, IOWA.
F. J. WILDMAN.....Sole Lessee.
OPEN FOR A SEASON OF SIX MONTHS.
STARS TREATED WITH LIBERALLY.
Address as above, or JAS. CONNER & GEO. LEA,
32-1t 25 West Houston street, New York City.

MOLLIE WILLIAMS AND FELIX A. VINCENT,
THE GREATEST HIT OF THE SEASON,
SIX NIGHTS MORE AT THE NEW BOWERY.
☞ THE PUBLIC DEMAND THEM. ☜
THURSDAY, 17TH, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
J. W. LINGARD'S TESTIMONIAL. 32-1t

THEATRICALS ---WANTED, for the 21st Nov., A FULL FIRST CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY. Address, enclosing postage stamp, CONNER & LEA,
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BINGHAMTON, N. Y.,
a new edifice in the course of completion, costing upwards of $30,000, capable of seating 1200 persons; the only Theatre on the whole line of the New York and Erie Railroad,
WILL OPEN
THE 19TH OF DECEMBER.
TO PROFESSIONALS OF ABILITY.
WANTED.
LEADING MAN AND WOMAN,
JUVENILE MAN, LOW COMEDIAN,
SINGING CHAMBERMAID, WALKING GENT,
FIRST OLD MAN AND WOMAN,
TWO OR THREE GOOD UTILITY MEN AND WALKING LADY.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Private Boxes, $5; Orchestra Chairs, 75 cents; Dress Circle, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents.
SILENCE A NEGATIVE.
STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS.
Address GEORGE COON,
32-2t* Proprietor.

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
LESSEES.....FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS
WILL OPEN NOV. 21st, 1864.
WILL OPEN NOV. 21st, 1864.
WILL OPEN (REMEMBER) MONDAY, NOV. 21st, 1864.
WILL OPEN (REMEMBER) MONDAY, NOV. 21st, 1864.
MONDAY, NOV. 21st, 1864.
With an array of talent never equalled since the days of the ORIGINAL CANTERBURY, NEW YORK. 32.

TENOR.---WANTED by the Advertiser, who has had several

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

J. W. Morse & Co.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS
ON WOOD IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

VARIETIES, 37 and 39 Bowery.
HERMANN & CO.....Proprietors.
W. T. DULANY.....Stage Manager.
THE HOME OF GENIUS.
THE BRIGHTEST CONSTELLATION OF TALENT EVER ASSEMBLED TOGETHER IN FRIENDLY ALLIANCE IN ANY MUSIC HALL OR THEATRE.
The following ladies and gentlemen will appear in a Mammoth Variety Entertainment:—
J. W. McANDREWS and GEORGE WINSHIP,
The California Stars.
GEORGE WARREN,
The Versatile Ethiopian Comedian,
W. N. SMITH, J. H. TAYLOR,
Monarchs of Ethiopia.
CHARLES SHAY,
Necromancer.
OUR SPLENDID BOUQUET OF LOVELINESS,
MISS AUGUSTA and LOUISE WALBY,
MISS CARRIE AVERY, the Bird of Song.
EXCELLED BY NONE, BUT EQUAL TO ANY COMPANY IN EXISTENCE.
N. B.—Wanted Five Principal Dancers. We will pay as much salary as they can get by playing out of the Empire City. Two good Ethiopian Comedians wanted. 32-1t

BIG SCARE IN WASHINGTON.
LEE
IN A TIGHT PLACE.
GENERALS
COX, CURRANT, AND MORRIS
ARE NOW
RAPIDLY ADVANCING
their interests in a
CAPITAL
position, and are already
FIRMLY INTRENCHED
in public opinion. Immense bounties are offered to
RECRUITS.
500
Terpsichorean Amazonians wanted, at a salary of
$100
per week, one year in advance. This is no blow, but a
GENTLE PUFF.
Personal appearance of no consequence; squinting considered pretty; blue eyes not objected to; beaux not considered improper; no objection to red hair; mothers are always welcome.
Address SERGEANT,
32-tf Green Room, Washington, D. C.

GAYETY MUSIC HALL,
GREEN STREET, ALBANY.
SAM FITZPATRICK.....Sole Proprietor.
GUS CLARK.....Stage Manager.
This favorite resort is nightly thronged, having a first class company, with change of programme nightly, interspersed with the choicest gems of Vocal, Dramatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomimic, and Minstrel Acts.
WANTED,
TWO FEMALE VOCALISTS.
ONE " JIG DANCER.
TWO " FANCY DANCERS.
Good Performers can always procure an engagement by addressing as above. 32-5t*

TO RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS OF CONCERT HALLS.—The undersigned having occupied the position of STAGE MANAGER in nearly all the first class Music Halls in the country, and lately with Yankee Robinson's Great Show, is prepared to negotiate with first class managers only. Address
32-2t* C. McMILLAN, CLIPPER Office, New York.

AGAIN ON THE RUN,
FLEEING FROM
THE APPROACH OF THE IRON CLADS.
DUPLEX & CREAM'S
SHODDYCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
hearing the thunder of the invincible Iron Clads nearing the east, have abruptly terminated their short inglorious career in the New England States, and again
FLED TO CANADA,
the native soil of
THE TAILOR PROPRIETOR,
where they will remain until
THOSE DREADFUL IRON CLADS
ARE OUT OF NEW YORK STATE.
After which,
THE GREAT ZINC TRUNKERS, &c., &c.,
will follow the trail, appearing in
BUFFALO DEC. 15TH,
IN SYRACUSE DURING THE HOLIDAYS,
opening in
ALBANY JANUARY 13TH.
CONFIDENTIAL CARD.—Persons seeing this route, will please not inform other managers of our dates.
HOW ARE YOU, SECRESY? 31-tf

WANTED---AN INTERPRETER
FOR DUPLEX'S FUNNY JOKES.
One that can tell where the laugh comes in will receive a liberal salary.
OH! YOU FUNNY WRETCH!
YOU'RE FUNNY AS A FUNERAL.
P. S.—Wanted to know whether the mouse that the mountain has brought forth is the work of the Journeyman Tailor, or only his "Prentice." DAM DULLPLAY, or Cully Smith. 31-tf

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
commences a two weeks' engagement at the
PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN, on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 14, opening in FANCHON, in the Play of LITTLE FADETTE. 31-2t

McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.---A LEADING LADY, HEAVY LADY, and JUVENILE MAN can hear of good engagements by applying immediately, stating salaries, to
31-6t* McVICKER & MYERS.

A CARD.---IRVING HALL,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH.
The above Hall is entirely new, and is centrally located in one of the most flourishing cities in the State, 100 miles from Detroit by railroad. Seats 700; Stage fitted up regardless of expense, with New Scenery, Drop Curtain, foot and border lights complete, with dressing rooms attached. Can be rented by the day, week or month, upon reasonable terms, for Theatrical, Operatic, Concert or Lecture purposes, on application to C. B. MOTT,
31-12m East Saginaw, Mich.

THE GAITIES,
NO. 616 BROADWAY.
A GRAND FANCY DRESS AND CIVIC BALL every MONDAY and THURSDAY evenings, commencing at 12 P. M., precisely.
ZEKE, Manager.
Come one! Come all! 31-4t*

DAN SETCHELL, Comedian, having just concluded a highly successful engagement of ten weeks at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., will commence at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Nov. 7th, for two weeks, thence to Norfolk for one week, commencing Monday, Nov. 21st. Correspondents may address as above.
31-tf H. ASHLEY, Business Manager.

CHARLEY SHAY'S
QUINCUPLEXICAL AND CELESTIAL TROUPE,
MISS MAGGIE MARSHALL, MIKE C. SEXTON, and JOHNNY S. FORBES, Tenor Drummer,
are requested to send their address to CHARLES SHAY,
32-1t* 69 Grand street, New York.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT at No. 47 East Broadway, N. Y., by PAT DINON, the Champion Banjoist and Jig Dancer. 31-2t*

ST. CHARLES THEATRE,
NEW ORLEANS.
Lessees and Proprietors.....BEN DE BAR & E. EDDY.
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON,
with a
FIRST-CLASS COMPANY.
A continued succession of the
PROMINENT STARS OF THE DAY.
31-tf Stage Manager, B. A. BAKER.

MOLLIE JOSEPHINE,
THE GREAT FEMALE GYMNAST PERFORMER ON THE THREE FLYING TRAPEZE.
Managers of first class theatres wishing to secure her for Star Engagements, will address WM. H. YOUNG,
29-4t* Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

THE BANJO TAUGHT,
BY FRANK B. CONVERSE.
REFERENCES (BY PERMISSION):
WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 514 Broadway,
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS, 472 Broadway.
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, Brooklyn,
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS, Bowery.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS:
WM. HALL & SON, 543 Broadway;
W. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway.
S. T. GORDON, 538 Broadway.
INSTRUCTION ROOMS 551 BROADWAY, Up Stairs. 31-tf

NEWARK THEATRE, Newark, N. J.
Sole Lessee and Manageress.....KATE FISHER
This beautiful theatre is at present undergoing a thorough rejuvenation; the seats have all been newly upholstered, the interior beautifully painted, and the auditorium is capable of seating 1200 persons. Will open for the season, on
MONDAY, OCT. 31st,
WITH A FIRST CLASS COMPANY,
under the sole direction of MISS KATE FISHER, who is ready to treat with FIRST CLASS STARS for two or three weeks.
MISS FISHER will shortly start out on her starring tour, visiting all the principal cities in the west, with her
CELEBRATED HORSE,
THE WONDER.
P. S.—WANTED—for the Newark Theatre, a FIRST CLASS JUVENILE MAN. All letters to be addressed
29-tf KATE FISHER, Newark Theatre.

THE NATIONAL COMBINATION and Variety
HOW, now on its First Annual Tour.
TWENTY PERFORMERS.
EACH MEMBER A STAR.
THE SNOW BROTHERS, and the LEVANTIN BROTHERS,
Gymnasts, Acrobats and Athletes.
DICK SANDS, the renowned Clog Dancer.
MISS NETTIE ORLAND and MISS EFFIE CARLTON, Vocalists.
MISS FANNY MOREST, Danseuse.
THE FLORENTINE TROUPE
as the Wild Arabs of the Desert.
A superb Troupe of
PERFORMING DOGS AND MONKEYS.
THE AUTOMATON SLACK ROPE VAULTER.
A Comic Trick Pantomime at each entertainment.
After a brief stay in New England, this Company will proceed directly West,
RUFUS SOMERBY, Manager.
Wanted immediately—A First Class DANSEUSE. Address
RUFUS SOMERBY,
30-4t Box 3601, Boston, Mass.

APOLLO THEATRE,
LEXINGTON, KY.
Sole Lessee and Manager.....H. A. WEAVER.
SEASON TERMINATES
JULY 4th, 1865.
FIRST-CLASS STARS
treated with on liberal terms. 30-3m

WANTED---For the CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, an END MAN—TAMBOURINE. Must be a steady and reliable man, to whom a permanent situation will be given. One who can play the Banjo preferred. Address
J. W. RAYNOR,
Manager Christy Minstrels, Syracuse, N. Y., or
JNO. P. SMITH,
Agent Christy Minstrels,
30-tf 25 East Fayette street, Balt., Md.

GOING, PROVIDENCE PERMITTING,
THE CONGRESS OF TEMPORARY HUSBANDS,
AND
DAM DULLPLAY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS AND WRETCHEDLY BURLESQUED OPERA TROUPE, now returning to the east, like Jacob of old after his affianced bride, crowned with a black and blue eye, to bad business, having performed in more street fights, "under wood," in railroad depots, to larger audiences, and at a greater sacrifice to personal appearance than any manager in the world.
[Signed] DAM DULLPLAY, or CULLY SMITH.
Baltimore, October 29th, 1864.
The excellent wit and patron, pa; the only taker of Miller's (Sam's and Joe's) jokes on the Ethiopian omnibus; his Itilions de Conversaziones et de Africa being the concentrated essence of all that is passing (under the influence of salts and ipecacuhana) in hotel "circles," in social life, or the life so familiar to him. He is also possessed of several other merits, but he don't know what they are; it is different, however, with the public. 30-3t*

MANAGERS AND AGENTS.
POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, DODGERS,
AND TICKETS,
TRAVELING SHOWS, MINSTRELS AND EXHIBITIONS, supplied with printing for entire routes at
LOWEST PRICES
BY THE
TROY DAILY TIMES
STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
Patrons of the TIMES will find that every attention will be shown their entertainments in the local columns.
The TIMES has a larger circulation than any daily journal in the state, out of N. Y. city.
Orders for Bill Posting addressed to us will receive prompt attention by the popular Bill Poster
JOHN WYMAN.
Bill Boards throughout the City in the most conspicuous places.
JOHN M. FRANCES,
31-5t* Proprietor.

CHASE & NEWCOMB'S GREAT WORLD EXHIBITION—7000 MOVING FIGURES AND GIGANTIC MUSEUM OF ART, THE ONLY EXHIBITION OF THE KIND IN THE WHOLE WORLD—having been exhibited to delighted and admiring thousands in this country and the principal cities in Europe, will open AT WILLIAMS' HALL, BOSTON,
for two weeks, commencing MONDAY, NOV. 14TH, 1864, previous to their tour through the great west. The Exhibition consists of Models of Entire Cities and Villages, with Factories, Work Shops, &c., all in operation; Steam Cars, Horses, and Carriages, Men, Women, and Children passing and repassing; the old Saw and Grist Mill, the Water Wheel in motion, with REAL RUNNING WATER. Workmen are seen at their different avocations. BATTLE SCENES OF THE PRESENT WAR ON LAND AND SEA. Full Rigged Ships, Gun Boats mounted, and Armies of Soldiers armed and equipped, all moving with the most life-like precision. THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN. The alarm, running to the fire, the fire discovered in Broadway. A MODEL OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM, FIVE ENTIRE COMPANIES OF FIREMEN, with their Engines, all upon the stage at the same time, working their machines, the fire and smoke rolling up, buildings falling, the rescue of the mother and child from the flames, making the most gorgeous spectacle ever beheld. Panoramas and common place Dioramas sink into insignificance when compared with this IMMENSE WORK OF ART. N. B.—Clergymen and School Teachers are most respectfully invited to visit the Exhibition FREE OF CHARGE, by leaving their names at the door. J. S. FORBES, the Champion Trick Drummer, Violinist and Pianist, is with the Exhibition. CHASE & NEWCOMB, Proprietors; J. D. NEWCOMB, Manager. 31

AGAIN IN THE FIELD FOR 1864 AND '65.
COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
including the degenerated Rag-Baby Clad (or the so-called Rusty-Iron Clad Minstrels), by the famous and world renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
GIGANTIC NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
AND BRASS BAND,
consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
ETHIOPIAN STARS,
admitted by the people and the press to be the leading, model organization of the world, far superior in every respect to all other travelling troupes in existence, the result of eleven years of experience, patronized by the fashion and elite of the entire continent.
THIS MAMMOTH CORPS
OF
DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states,
COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
SEPT. 26TH, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Manager...CHAS. H. DUPREZ	Musical Director.....C. A. Boyd
Vocal Director..Sig. G. Bidaux	Stage Manager.....J. E. Green
Leader Brass Band..A. Bergeron	Agents..Sam Pond & C. Slocum

Introducing to our extensive patrons an entire
NEW, ORIGINAL PROGRAMME EACH EVENING. 24

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
LESSEES.....FOX, CURRAN & MORRIS.
The above named Hall, undoubtedly the largest and most elegant in the world, not excepting the magnificent and costly establishment formerly under the management of the above-named parties, viz., the CANTERBURY, NEW YORK, will open about the 14th November, with a company of artists rarely if ever equalled in this or any other country. Further particulars in future announcements.
Artists of undoubted merit in every branch of the business liberally treated with. All communications to be addressed as above. 29-tf

ATHENÆUM MUSIC HALL,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER, Proprietor and Manager.
Ladies and Gentlemen of ability can secure good engagements by applying as above. 21-3m*

BILL POSTER, Pittsburgh, Pa.---James THACKERAY, P. O. Box 152.
The only party having his own boards and contract by the year for the principal corners and walls, and takes pride in referring, by permission, to Andy Springer, Dupres & Green, Wm. Henderson, Lake & Co., and the principal travelling exhibitions. 28-3m*

CHAMPION SHADES,
19 LIBERTY STREET,
OPPOSITE MECHANIC'S HALL,
UTICA, N. Y.
SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 15-6m*

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE,
ALLINSON & HINCKEN.....Proprietors.
1221 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
MORAN'S MINSTRELS,
COMPOSED OF SIXTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS,
APPEAR EVERY EVENING,
IN A
CHASTE AND ELEGANT ENTERTAINMENT, 28-tf

TO MANAGERS OF MUSIC HALLS, &c.---LITTLE MAC, late of Bryants', New York, and JOHNNY MACK, the celebrated Negro Performer, are now playing to crowded houses at Chadwick's Varieties, Chicago. Their Original Acts and Burlesque Dances are nightly received with shouts of laughter and applause. They are considered the great cards of the day. Managers wishing to engage them will please address
JOHNNY MACK,
31-2t* Varieties, Chicago, Ill.

LEO HUDSON, the Queen of the Mazeppas, with her highly trained Steed SENSATION, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the Season. Address
30-tf LEO HUDSON, CLIPPER OFFICE.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

S. W. H. GRIFFIN,	A. HUGHES,	S. S. PURDY,
W. S. BUDWORTH,	H. MUDGE,	J. STONE,
J. A. HERMAN,	C. CAMPBELL,	G. A. PARKERSON,
C. HUNNEMAN,	E. HASLAM,	W. EWERS,
O. FRUMMEL,	P. JONES,	and others.

Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 20-tf

COMING!
THE CONGRESS OF ARTISTS,
THE INVINCIBLE IRON-CLADS,
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE.
NOW RETURNING TO THE EAST.
Crowned with the Laurel Wreath of Victory, having performed to larger audiences at a greater price of admission than
ANY OTHER TROUPE IN THE WORLD.
An entire new Programme, Illustrated and Embellished by the following well-known and Gentlemanly Artists de Ethiope:
SAM SHARPLEY,
The Wit Par Excellence! The only Talker on the Ethiopian Stage. His "Conversaziones de Afrie" being an epitome of all that is passing in Local Life or the Political World.
CAL WAGNER,
The Eccentric Comedian, Buffo, Dancer, &c.
HENRY STUART,
The World-Renowned Clog and Jig Dancer.
PROF. DICK ESCOTT,
Leader of Orchestra and Solo Violinist.
FRED KING,
The unequaled Terpsichorean Artist.
WM. H. CHAMBERS,
Cornet and Tenor Vocalist.
MASTER ARCHIE,
The Youthful Balladist.
J. F. SULLIVAN,
The Popular Tenor.
H. S. RUMSEY,
The Champion Banjoist, Snare Drummer and Light Comedian.
FRANK BOWLES,
The Cornet Soloist and Leader of Brass Band.
PROF. BLACKMER,
The Distinguished Vocalist and Musical Director.
A. C. STONE,
The Pleasing Alto Singer, Clog Dancer and General Performer.
JAMES LA MONT,
The Powerful Basso and Ballad Singer.
GILBERT POND,
Clarionet and Alto Horn.
ELVIN FRENCH,
Double Bass and Tuba.
JOHN MASTERSON,
Violoncellist and Baritone Vocalist.
will appear in the following Cities in rapid succession:—
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, AUBURN, SYRACUSE, UTICA, TROY, ALBANY, SPRINGFIELD, HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN, PROVIDENCE, WORCESTER, LYNN, SALEM, LOWELL, BOSTON, PORTLAND and BANGOR.
The early publication of this route is made to give would-be rivals a chance to test the merits of the IRON CLADS, and also afford the notorious Zinc-Trumpers a chance to retrieve the ignominious defeat of last season.
SAM SHARPLEY,
31-tf Sole Manager and Proprietor.

CANTERBURY,
MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
The above popular and old established place of amusement is open EVERY NIGHT and on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, for the accommodation of Ladies and Children.
PERFORMERS OF TALENT ALWAYS NEEDED.
The very largest Salaries paid to talented Artists
ATTRACTIVE BALLET GIRLS
always wanted, to whom will be paid from
THIRTY DOLLARS AND UPWARDS PER WEEK.
The following performers are now under engagement to George Lea for a stated period, and can be engaged by RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS for a long or short period.
ANNETI GALETTI,
Premiere Danseuse, the best in the world;
MR. JOHN DENIER,
The great Cataract Ascensionist and Tight Rope Artist; the only successful rival of Blondin, performing the same feats and carrying a young lady on his back while on the rope. Also performs the great sensation act Zampilaerostation, or Three Flying Trapeze, equally as well as Verrecke. A splendid card for managers.
JOHN MULLIGAN,
The best Ethiopian performer in the profession.
DELEHANTY AND WARD,
The World's Champion Clog Dancers.
MR. LEA having noticed several cards lately, embracing challenges from self styled champion clog dancers, takes this method of repeating his challenge to the world for $1000 that Messrs.
DELEHANTY AND WARD
are the best Double Clog Dancers known to the profession. It will be borne in mind that this wager applies only to Double Clog Dancers, or in other words
TWO MEN DANCING TOGETHER.
CHERRY BELLE,
"The Star of the West;"
Whose brilliant achievements as a
PANTOMIMIST, BANJOIST, GUITARIST, VOCALIST,
COMEDIENNE,
MAGICIAN AND PROTEAN ACTRESS,
has made her one of the most popular and attractive STARS now before the people. Managers will find it to their advantage to secure the services of
THIS CHARMING AND TALENTED ARTIST.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—LEA'S MAMMOTH COMBINATION COMPANY will start for New Orleans in the early part of January, 1865. Performers (male and female) wishing to engage for the season at New Orleans, can be employed up to the time of sailing by making immediate application by letter. Address
GEORGE LEA, Canterbury Hall,
29-tf Washington, D. C.
Wanted—a First Class Lady Vocalist.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW ORLEANS.
SPALDING, ROGERS & BIDWELL.....Proprietors.
MONS. LA. THORNE.....Stage Manager.
This popular Establishment having been thoroughly re-fitted, painted, upholstered, and decorated, is now
OPEN FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON,
With the largest and most complete
VARIETY TROUPE IN EXISTENCE.
The Entertainments will consist of
GORGEOUS BALLETS, COMIC PANTOMIMES,
ETHIOPIAN FARCES, BURLESQUE OPERAS,
GYMNASTICS,
BANJO SOLOS AND QUARTETTES,
TABLEAUX, MARCHES, GROUPINGS,
COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL VOCALISM,
VAUDEVILLES, EXTRAVAGANZAS,
&c, &c.,
In short, THE COMBINED AMUSEMENTS OF THE WORLD, concentrated in one Monster Entertainment. 27-tf

REFULGENT!!
SCENIC COLORED FIRES!!
for Theatrical and other representations, and more EFFECTIVE! SHOWY! and LASTING! than any Fire now in use. Great inducements to large consumers. Price list forwarded on application to the sole manufacturer,
WM. W. BATCHELOR,
31 1832 Vineyard st., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO MANAGERS.--The subscribers have on hand the largest stock of
THEATRICAL WARDROBE
FOR HIRE IN THE UNITED STATES,
by the night, week, or season. What is the use of Managers making up their own wardrobe, when they can get any piece dressed without expense or trouble, at much shorter notice than it takes to cut the work out in any theatre, (and of better material,) by applying to R. W. WILLIAMS & SON,
27-tf 430 Broome street, N. Y.

J. E. McDONOUGH
having just concluded at Chicago
A MOST SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT,
commences the fall and winter season at ALEXANDRIA, VA., producing his novel spectacle of
THE SEVEN SISTERS,
replete with costly Scenery, Wardrobe, and Appointments. Managers wishing to negotiate will address 1223 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia. 24-tf

EDWIN ADAMS,
TRAGEDIAN.
For location, see Dramatic summary, weekly. All communications upon business must be addressed HARRY WALL,
26-tf Agent.

MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to engage the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 13-

BASSETT'S HALL, Willimantie, Conn.
This beautiful Hall has recently been thoroughly Painted, Decorated, &c. Will comfortably seat 800 people. For terms, &c., apply to W. BASSETT, Proprietor. 30-3m

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 30

DEAGLE'S VARIETIES.
ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
26-tf or GEORGE DEAGLE, St. Louis.

WANTED, AT BUCKLEY'S NEW MINSTREL Hall, Boston, a first class Wench Dancer, who can play parts in pieces. Apply with terms to R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.
20-tf

MUSIC FOR MILITARY BRASS BANDS.---The subscriber would announce to the BANDS OF OUR ARMY that he has on hand a new assortment of Quicksteps, Marches, Waltzes, &c., arranged for any number of instruments. Persons having any favorite Songs can have them inserted in Original Quicksteps, with entirely new Introductions, Interludes, and Finales. Address, for six weeks, NED STRAIGHT,
Bishop's Minstrels,
28-5t* Chattanooga, Tenn.

AGAIN IN THE FIELD,
(AND OUT OF MONEY.)
The world-renowned, self-praised, paid puffed and everlasting
DUPLEX & CREAM'S
GIGANTIC POSTER, ZINC TRUNK,
SPOTTED DOG, NEW ORLEANS, ROCKY POINT AND
METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
WIND-JAMMERS—PUCK PUNISHERS,
AND DEAD BEAT OPERA TROUPE,
With everything New and Original,
INCLUDING THE CELEBRATED MOCKING BIRD SOLO.
(First time in Eleven Years.)
The Company having had their month's vacation, and during that time having visited all the Legitimate Troupes in the country, seen, heard and copied all their BUSINESS, Gags, &c., we are now prepared to give something new to the Patrons of the
GREAT ONE NIGHT SHOW OF AMERICA.
CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD:
$1000—That our Manager is the best pugilist in America.
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$1000—That we play to bigger houses, and make less money than any troupe in existence.
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Cushman, Charlotte (also as Romeo)	Keene, Laura, 6 different positions	Wallack, J. W., Lester & child, group
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Christy, George minstrel	Morris, Billy, minstrel	Wheatley, William
Cubas, Senorita (danseuse)	Morant, Fanny	Wheatley, Mrs. Wm.
Chanfrau, F. S.	Menken, Adah Isaacs also as French Spy, 8 different styles	Wood, Mrs. John, also as Invisible Prince
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